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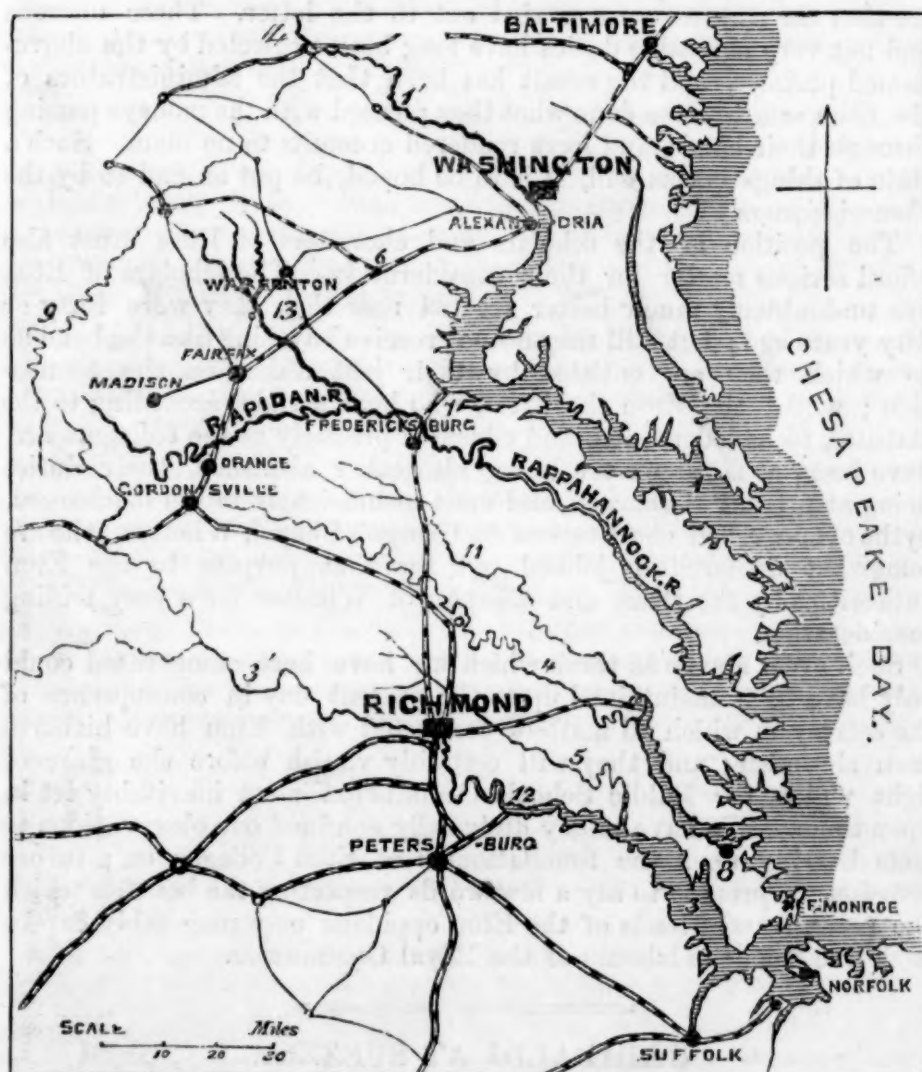
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THE SEAT OF WAR.



1. Potomac River.
2. York River.
3. James River.
4. Pamunkey River.
5. Chickahominy River.

6. Manassas Junction.
7. Aquia Creek.
8. Yorktown.
9. Shenandoah River.
10. West Point.

11. Mataponi River.
12. Turkey Bend and Harrison's Landing.
13. Rappahannock River.
14. Harper's Ferry.

VIRGINIA continues still to be, what it has been from the beginning of the American civil war, the very centre of attraction. The varying fortunes of North and South in other parts of that vast continent have an interest for those who are personally connected with those who are serving in the field. But to the European politician and to all who are anxiously looking for the close of this grievous but inevitable contest, the country between Richmond and Washington claims all their thoughts.

Since last week the situation has materially altered. At that time there was a rumour that General M'Clellan, partly by sea and partly by land, had succeeded in carrying off his army from Harrison's Landing, and Turkey Bend (marked 12 on the sketch), a few miles south-east of Richmond. It appears that this operation actually took place about the 16th of August, and by the 23rd news had reached New York that M'Clellan's main army had reached Yorktown (marked 8 in the sketch), and was preparing to embark for the North. Their course

would be up the Potomac (1) to Acquia Creek (7) near Fredericksburgh. There M'Clellan would join Pope and Burnside, who were on the banks of the Rapidan river. It seems to have excited some surprise that that portion of M'Clellan's army which marched to Yorktown should have been allowed to retire unmolested. It is said that the Confederates were informed of M'Clellan's movements, but they attempted neither to cut off his retreat nor to harass his line of march. The reasons for following that course are not difficult to discover. There were at least 100,000 available Confederate troops at Richmond. General Jackson, even before M'Clellan began his evacuation, had inflicted a very severe blow upon Banks, who formed part of Pope's army on the bank of the Rapidan. Jackson had probably ascertained with sufficient accuracy the number of troops under Pope, including those under Burnside; and he had no doubt satisfied himself that if the whole Richmond army could be brought into the field, he was more than a match for the Federals. He also knew, of course, that M'Clellan would endeavour to make his retreat to Yorktown as rapidly as possible. If, therefore, the Confederates had turned upon M'Clellan they might no doubt have destroyed him; but they exposed themselves to a flank attack from Pope: at all events they would, even in case of success, have had a formidable army between Richmond and Washington.

But there was another plan of operating open to the Confederates, and they have not failed to adopt it. Leaving M'Clellan to pursue his retreat, and to get his army transported to Acquia Creek as rapidly as he could, the Confederates issued forth from Richmond with their whole army against Pope. That officer had made some show of threatening Richmond by advancing towards the Rapidan, but this advance was all that the Confederates wished. The report that M'Clellan had joined Pope at Acquia Creek was obviously premature. The truth no doubt is, that the Confederate officers, as soon as they heard of M'Clellan's retreat, advanced in great force by the railway to Gordonsville and the banks of the Rapidan. Here the Federals seem to have made a stand; but soon they were compelled to retire. According to the telegram of the 23rd, Pope retreated to effect a junction with Burnside on the Rappahannock river. Three days later we are told that the Confederates followed close upon Pope's rear during his retreat from Fairfax or Culpepper Court-house to the Rappahannock. In addition to this, it appears that for a whole week there had been continual skirmishing and artillery engagements, and, indeed, that the Confederates were pressing the Federals so hard that the Commander-in-Chief's "baggage, maps, despatches, and most valuable papers relating to the campaign, had been captured by the Confederates." According to the latest accounts the Federals had occupied Warrenton, which is scarcely 20 miles from Manassas Junction and less than 50 miles from Washington.

The truth is obvious. The whole of the Confederate army, under that most energetic and skilful officer, "Stonewall" Jackson, has

fallen upon Pope before he has been able to effect his junction with M'Clellan. Jackson is not the man to allow his adversary a moment of repose. The question is whether Pope has not been annihilated, and whether the same fate may not await M'Clellan at Acquia Creek, should he attempt to march to Pope's aid.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMMISSION.

OUR readers may recollect, that in the autumn of 1860 an angry discussion arose between Sir John Coleridge and a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* on the one hand, and the authorities of Eton College on the other, as to the actual condition of that famous school, at which the sons of the leading nobility and gentry of England have been educated for the last four hundred years.

Sir John Coleridge hinted, and "Paterfamilias," of the *Cornhill*, more openly affirmed, that the administrators of the Eton College estates were in the habit of illegally perverting its revenues to their own private advantage; whilst the masters of the school carried out its educational system rather with a view of increasing their own profits than with any particular reference to the intellectual advancement of the boys under their care. It was alleged, moreover, that the charges of the school were unfair and exorbitant; that little or no return was rendered for them; and that whilst mathematics and modern languages were systematically neglected, the amount of classical instruction brought up by young Etonians of average capacity to the universities was discreditably small.

The Provost, Fellows, and Masters of Eton College, met these serious charges, as might have been anticipated, with extreme indignation. They protested in numerous intemperate and ill-written letters and pamphlets, that the charges were horribly malicious and utterly unfounded, and they attributed the very worst motives to the writers who had made them. Still, as every statistic bearing on the financial and educational system observed at Eton was kept systematically secret, there was only assertion against assertion, and the public would have remained unable to decide whether the accusers or the accused, in such an important matter, were in the right, had not her Majesty's Government very sensibly availed themselves of the occasion to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into and report not only on the actual state of Eton College, but of the other leading public schools of England.

The Commission consisted of Lords Clarendon, Devon, and Lyttelton; the Hon. E. B. Twisleton, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Messrs. Thompson and Vaughan. Lord Clarendon was selected as its chairman; and Mr. Mountague Bernard was appointed as its secretary. The schools included in the inquiry were Eton, Harrow, Westminster, Winchester, Rugby, the Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and Shrewsbury.

Although the session of 1862 has recently concluded, the Public Schools Commissioners have as yet made no sign; nor is it probable that they will be in a position to report until next year. The field submitted to them for inquiry is very wide; many of the witnesses whom they have been forced to examine were unwilling witnesses; and in the conscientious discharge of their duty they have felt it necessary that the Commission should personally visit the various establishments into which it has been directed to inquire, and complete, by *viva voce* examination on the spot, the imperfect information previously elicited in reply to printed queries sent round to their administrators and masters.

However displeasing it may have been to the authorities of Eton College that that foundation should have been selected as the arena in which the battle of the public schools of England was to be fought, it is not surprising that such should have been the case; for it is the wealthiest, the largest, and the most influential of all our great scholastic establishments; and it has long been accepted as an exemplar by almost all our other upper-class schools.

Its estates are supposed to be very valuable. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has estimated them at about £20,000 a year, and we have reason to suppose that that estimate is considerably below their actual amount. The first duty of the Royal Commissioners in dealing with Eton will be to elicit exact and detailed information on this point, and to ascertain the precise manner in which and by whom these vast revenues have hitherto been appropriated. The necessity for doing this is rendered all the more urgent by the extraordinary circumstance that the Provost and Fellows of Eton, by whom these revenues are administered, and to whom alone their amount and the manner of their application are known, have long declared that foundation to be utterly bankrupt, and have been in the habit of making applications to former pupils of the school for eleemosynary aid, whenever any extraordinary outlay for the benefit of its scholars has become necessary.

The Commissioners will then have to consider whether any deviation from the statutes, in changing or diminishing the establishment of the college, is called for. The statutes enumerate the quality and number of individuals entitled to be on the foundation; they state with equal exactitude the value of the emoluments attached to each

of them; they confer on nobody the power of diminishing the pay or perquisites of any, or of reducing their numbers.

Nevertheless the numbers and the emoluments of the various foundationers of Eton have been considerably diminished. When the religion of this country was reformed, it was clearly undesirable that a large staff of chaplains and clerks, originally appointed to perform masses and ceremonies, the performance of which had subsequently been declared illegal by the law of the land, should be maintained; and the Provost and Fellows of Eton appear to have taken upon themselves, in defiance of their statutes, to reduce it. But it does not appear to have occurred to these high and well-paid officials, that the very same reasons which enabled the college to dispense advantageously with an excessive staff of idle chaplains and clerks must tell with equal force against the retention of an excessive staff of idle fellows; therefore the number of the fellows of Eton College remains precisely the same as before the Reformation, whilst their pecuniary position, in spite of the alleged bankruptcy of the foundation, is supposed to have enormously improved. It will be for the Commissioners to correct this oversight, the propriety of such correction being shown by the fact that the fellows of Eton, in defiance of their statutes, have all accepted, besides their fellowships, lucrative cures of souls in distant parts of England, a step which they would certainly have hesitated to take had the duties connected with their fellowships afforded them a reasonable amount of occupation within the precincts of their college.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Lincoln for the time being were originally named by the founder of Eton as visitors of the college. They were to repair thither at stated periods, each to see that the statutes were carried out to the letter. These onerous and not very agreeable duties have long been neglected by the above-named prelates, and the result has been that the administrators of the Eton estates have done what they pleased with the moneys passing through their hands, and have rendered accounts to no man. Such a state of things as this will, it is to be hoped, be put an end to by the Commissioners.

The position of the scholars and choristers of Eton must also afford serious matter for their consideration. The scholars of Eton are undoubtedly much better treated now than they were forty or fifty years ago; but still they do not receive anything like the benefits to which they are entitled by their just claims on the foundation; whilst the Eton choristers, who have a right, according to the statutes, to be lodged, fed, and educated precisely as the collegers are, have been, as far as we can learn, altogether abolished, their duties being at present discharged, and most insufficiently and ill discharged, by the over-worked choristers of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, who are somewhat unmercifully jobbed out for that purpose to the Eton authorities by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor for a very trifling consideration.

Such great abuses as those which we have here enumerated could only have been maintained up to the present day in consequence of the secrecy in which all matters connected with Eton have hitherto been shrouded; and they will certainly vanish before the glare of light which the Public Schools Commission must inevitably let in upon them. We have to-day designedly confined our observations to facts bearing upon the foundationers of Eton College; on a future occasion we propose to say a few words respecting the benefits which the parents and friends of the Eton oppidans may reasonably expect to derive from the labours of the Royal Commission.

GARIBALDI AT SPEZZIA.

WOUNDED and defeated, General Garibaldi, who loves Italy, has reason, in the very midst of his mortifications, to be proud of the vigour and honesty with which Italian soldiers did their duty against Italy's most loved and honoured chief. It is to be hoped that some Englishmen at least are left who believe that Italy has reason, in turn, to be proud of General Garibaldi. His enterprise was a desperate one, and it has not succeeded. The cynics of the English and the sycophants of the Imperialist press are performing their own appropriate part in denouncing it. Yet had fortune smiled once more on the Liberator of Sicily and Naples, no honours would have been deemed too great for the venturesome patriot. It was, however, otherwise decreed. The stars in their courses have fought upon the side of the powers that be. Nor can any prudent observer regret that an irregular and ill-disciplined body of Italian enthusiasts have been prevented from flinging themselves on the French bayonets at Rome. All along, General Garibaldi's expedition was to be viewed in the light of a brave though tumultuous manifestation of the hopes and wishes of the Italian people. Italy may congratulate herself on possessing among her sons a handful of enthusiasts who were willing at all risks to make the demonstration. She may also congratulate herself on the triumph of order and good government shown in its repression. It would have been sad if the Italian nation had been compelled so far to forget the French blood spilt at Magenta and Solferino, as to turn upon their benefactors. It is, perhaps, as sad, that it should be reserved for an Italian bullet or an Italian bayonet

to waste the blood of Garibaldi. Many wiser men might be better spared than the one man who, in season and out of season, has kept alive in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen the sacred idea of Italian unity. He has now sacrificed himself and his *prestige* on a wild hope of achieving his country's independence. A more politic and worldly hero would have been content to wait and watch events. Garibaldi had nothing to gain by his enterprise, and all to lose. Happy the country the love of which is so strong in the hearts of her famous and successful children that they are ready to peril their lives, their reputations, and their past success on a bare and blank possibility of saving her!

M. Rattazzi best knows how far his own and other Ministries, which have successively cajoled and deceived Garibaldi, are responsible for the extreme step which, as a last resource, has been taken by that general and his friends. It would be too much to expect to find a blush upon the cheek of a tactician who is skilled in most of the urbane arts of parliamentary intrigue. But, unless rumour lies, when the secret history of 1862 is written, it will be found that the private negotiations in which the Italian Premier of the day has been pleased at times to indulge himself have done more credit to his head than to his heart. Garibaldi has, probably, never been directly instigated to attempt an outbreak, which would be inconvenient to the Government, but, beyond question, he has been deceived by some one in the spring of this year. When Rattazzi mounted by the Royal backstairs and through a well-known Royal antechamber into office, he could not have stood for a month, had it not been for the tacit alliance which subsisted between himself and the Garibaldian party. What promises were made, what engagements were contracted, time alone can discover. Whatever were made have since been broken, and then disingenuously denied. Rattazzi is a different kind of statesman from Cavour. The lion's skin has descended to the fox. Smarting under the sense of double-dealing, and not knowing whom to trust, Garibaldi decided to risk all upon a lucky throw. On his own responsibility he hoisted the flag of independence, and started on his march for Rome. He has been ridiculously accused of disloyalty and treason, because he took this perilous and unwise initiation on himself. There are two answers to the calumny. In the first place Italy is not, and will not be for a long time, in a normal state. In the second place, by the consent of Italy and her king, General Garibaldi for some time back has been recognized as an exceptional and privileged person. Success once before was held to have sanctioned a similar licence which he took. More than human honours were decreed to him because he had dared at a critical moment to set constitutional conventionality at defiance. It is too late now to treat him as a rebel for repeating his old part. Nor will that Minister surely dare to accuse him of disaffection to the person of his king, who, perfidious even towards his enemies, kept back from Victor Emmanuel two loyal and devoted letters addressed by Garibaldi to his Royal master in the very crisis of his march through Sicily. The semi-official journals of Paris betray some uneasiness at the prospect of seeing Garibaldi put upon his trial before the Italian Senate. *La France* objects to such a proceeding as "impolitic and dangerous;" whilst *La Patrie* makes haste to announce that the Italian Government has resolved to suspend the prosecution, and that the majority of Deputies and Senators are in favour of a general amnesty.

Fortune has decided against the brave. It is the planetary hour of Ulysses, and the horoscope of the impetuous Ajax is on the decline. Rattazzi prevails, and Garibaldi is a prisoner at Spezzia. It is not for us to hope or to predict that the overthrow of the late expedition, and the effort of self-control which Italy has nobly made, will be followed by a re-action in the provinces against a Cabinet which has shown itself capable of vigour at the last. Some re-action there must be, as the first news of Garibaldi wounded and arraigned reaches the various parts of the Peninsula. It is more to the purpose to point out that in crushing Garibaldi, the ministry of Rattazzi are assuming an overwhelming responsibility. They have virtually undertaken, before the eyes of all Italy, to procure Rome in another and a more peaceful way. With an obsequiousness that comes naturally to a Minister who moors his Ministerial vessel close to the Royal alcoves at Turin, the Premier still insists upon trusting implicitly to the honour of the French Emperor, and bids his brother Italians trust it, instead of leaning on the broken reed of Garibaldi. Be it so. The Italians will acquiesce in the course which he recommends. They have permitted Garibaldi's sword to be broken, and are looking to the pen of Rattazzi. But they expect that Rattazzi will do his duty, or make way for more determined men. It will be a fatal mistake if he imagines that Italy is not chafing under the French occupation of her national capital. So long as Rome is not Italian, the hour of disorders and tumult will not have passed away. If the revolution is to be rendered powerless for ever, it must be by the emancipation of Rome. If the day of liberty be long delayed, there is reason yet to fear that the disastrous little finger of Mazzini may prove more powerful than Rattazzi's brains.

It is, however, to France that Italy, and indeed Liberal Europe, now turns its expectant eyes. The present moment is a critical one

in the career of the French Emperor. He has this day an ample excuse for leaving Italy to the Italians. Religion may safely be resigned to the guardianship of a nation who, in the cause of order, have not hesitated to shed the blood of their noblest and most honoured hero. Let the wounds of Garibaldi reassure the shaking and shivering Vatican. Pio Nono may sleep tranquilly under the protection even of Piedmontese bayonets. But Napoleon III. can no longer refuse to evacuate the Italian territory without breaking with the party of European progress. Is he prepared to enter the lists with the whole of revolutionary Europe, whose polestar he has been as yet, though hidden at times behind a cloud? Has he the nerve again to encounter the terrible daggers of the Carbonari? Will he do all this, and do it for the sake of a Catholic clergy who suspect, and of a circle of despots who detest him? In spite of the ominous assertions of M. de Laguerrière, it is difficult to believe it. If, indeed, the most miserable Zouave had received half the injury and insult that has fallen to the lot of the hero of Varese, there might be a pretext for continuing the policy of the past. But the arrogant French eagles have nothing to complain of. The most insatiable vanity in the world may be content. It is time that the greatest nation on the Continent should consult her true dignity, and that her Emperor should cease to play the part of a Catholic and Christian bandit. England can no longer be silent in the matter. It would be ungracious and useless to urge in any discourteous way upon the French Cabinet the strong necessity that exists for their withdrawing their Roman garrison. But it is the duty of Lord Palmerston's Government to leave no stone unturned. It should be clearly understood that any further occupation of the Papal States will be extremely distasteful to this country. In truth, this is no longer necessary. The last three years have changed considerably the current of English opinion. We are not likely to repeat the policy of 1859, should Austria again attempt to threaten the liberty of Italy. To the French Government we can now offer our hearty co-operation in all that tends to fortify and consolidate the new kingdom. Should France be ready to comply with the united desire of Italy and England, we know our duties and responsibilities as allies to both Italy and France. But in reality, the days of Austrian intervention in Italy never can return. Napoleon need not fear that the recall of the French troops from the Tiber will be the signal for a still more intolerable intervention than his own. If he is wise in his generation, he will seize the golden opportunity which has presented itself this week. Indeed, very confident assertions have been hazarded at Paris that there will be no French soldier in the Papal States on this day twelvemonth. The unanimous and generous tone taken on the occasion by the best French journals leaves no doubt as to what are the opinions of the most enlightened Liberals in France. It may be hard to break with the priests, but it will go harder with Napoleon if he breaks with the Revolution. The shade of Orsini happily slumbers; it would be madness and folly to awake it.

THE WRECK OF THE "ARGUS."

ANOTHER Insurance Company is on the point of being wrecked. This time it is no weak association struggling with difficulty through the first years of its existence, but an old and respectable society with an annual income of £80,000, and an accumulative fund of more than half a million. The Argus Life Assurance Company has occupied for many years so considerable a space in the insurance world that the public will learn with some surprise that it is now hoisting signals of distress. Its safety is already despaired of, and the majority of its officers and crew are preparing to abandon it to its fate. The good ship, laden with the fortunes of many widows and orphans, and making, to all appearance, a prosperous voyage, has suddenly met with disaster, and is now steadily drifting on to the reef, where so many other noble vessels have been stranded. If there were any board which took cognizance of the wrecks and casualties that occur among insurance companies, as the Board of Trade inquires into those that happen on our coasts, the wreck of the "Argus" would be a most fitting object of inquiry. A tolerably complete account of the steps which have led to the breaking up of this Company may be gathered from the reports of the meeting of the shareholders, which was called to consider the project of amalgamation with the "Eagle." Attention has been previously called in these columns to the plan of operations which is too often adopted in those transactions, and which is now almost reduced to a system. We recur to it again because in the present instance the chief actors have themselves detailed all the steps of the process.

It will not be necessary to refer in much detail to the terms of the transfer. It is sufficient to state that the business of the "Argus" is to be transferred to the "Eagle," which will undertake all the liabilities of that Company in consideration of receiving about two-thirds of the accumulated fund now in the possession of the "Argus" Company. Out of the remaining one-third, compensation will be made to the officers of the "Argus," and the residue will be distributed among the shareholders. It is no secret in the insurance world that very large sums are generally paid to the persons through whose

agency the business of a company is thus transferred. But this part of the arrangement, if any such existed, did not transpire. Indeed, it is obvious that, inasmuch as payments of that sort would be the affair of the "Eagle" Company, and must be made from their funds, it was not necessary to bring that matter before the shareholders of the "Argus." The proprietors who were present at the meeting just mentioned were almost unanimous in accepting the proposed scheme of amalgamation; and the only persons who have not been consulted on the subject are those who have effected policies in the office. It was the custom of the directors of the "Argus" to announce in their prospectuses that persons insuring with them had the security not only of a large subscribed capital, but also of an accumulated fund arising from the investment of premiums, which latterly amounted to about half a million. The same statement occupied a prominent place at the top of the almanacs which the "Argus" was in the habit of distributing widely over the country. Most people will think that the directors of the "Argus" had no power to dispose of a fund on the security of which the public had effected policies. Such, at least, is the opinion of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Sir Hugh Cairns, and Mr. Chapman Barber, who in the most positive and distinct terms informed the directors that the business of the "Argus" could not be transferred in the manner proposed, that the deed of settlement contained no provisions applicable to such a case, and that any sale and transfer of its business would be wholly impracticable without the authority of Parliament. It is not, however, our intention to discuss the legality or propriety of the proposed transfer. The public have no manner of concern with any private dispute between the shareholders of a Company and those who have effected policies in the office. Any policy-holder who objects to the arrangement may institute proceedings in the Court of Chancery to restrain the Company from parting with their funds to the "Eagle" in the manner proposed. But the public is deeply concerned in any course of conduct which tends to shake the confidence that is generally felt in the management of insurance companies; and it is solely on this ground that the subject is here alluded to.

The most remarkable feature connected with the amalgamation of the "Argus" is that it has been effected against the wish of the directors, and in the face of the opinions of the three eminent persons mentioned above. The entire transaction was the sole work of five gentlemen who held shares in the Company, but were not in any way connected with its management. The matter was so skilfully conducted by these persons, that the shareholders had no choice but to accept the proposal made to them. The plan of operations was described by one of themselves at the general meeting of the proprietors, and from that account the following particulars have been gathered. In April last these five gentlemen succeeded in getting themselves appointed a committee of inquiry to consider what steps could be taken to benefit the Company. This appointment was made in consequence of representations by one of their number that the business of the association was not in a flourishing state; and with the view of enabling the committee to make suggestions for improving it they had the power of examining the books and papers of the Company. The information thus obtained for one purpose was employed by the committee for quite a different one. The directors having positively refused to entertain the idea of amalgamation, the committee resolved, without any authority whatever, and, in fact, behind the backs of both shareholders and directors, to enter into negotiations for that purpose themselves. Having thus determined to offer the Company for sale, they had no difficulty, according to their own account, in deciding where to look for a purchaser. There could be no hesitation on that point, and they went accordingly to the chief officer of the "Eagle." If practice in amalgamations could make the operation pleasant to the moribund Company, it could not fail to be so in the hands of Mr. Jellicoe. That gentleman has, perhaps, greater experience in transactions of this sort than any other individual, and his name has in consequence become a potent word of terror in the insurance world. The threat of being handed over to the office over which Mr. Jellicoe presides is always sufficient to coerce directors or reduce refractory shareholders to order. A curious incident which occurred during the meeting just mentioned illustrates how widely the reputation of Mr. Jellicoe is spread. A shareholder named Hornby having censured the committee for at once offering the "Argus" to the "Eagle," instead of putting it up to the highest bidder, was twitted with having himself gone to Mr. Jellicoe and offered to sell the "Argus" for a commission of 2 per cent. The meeting was instantly in an uproar, the shareholders being justly indignant that any one of their number should presume to dispose of their property without their authority. When order was restored, Mr. Hornby denied the charge so far as regarded the "Argus;" but admitted its substantial truth with reference to another Company of which he was a shareholder. No one at the meeting appears to have inquired what was the remuneration to be received by the committee for their labours in transferring the "Argus."

It is somewhat strange that Mr. Jellicoe should listen to proposals coming from persons who had no shadow of authority from either

the shareholders or directors of the "Argus" to enter into such negotiations. The five gentlemen who carried the Argus Company into the market, though accidentally in possession of minute information regarding its affairs, had no more authority to sell the Company than they had to sell the business of the London and Westminster Bank; and yet Mr. Jellicoe and the directors of the "Eagle" treated with them, and, after due consideration, made them an offer of amalgamation. The matter was then completely in the hands of the committee of five. Their next step was to call a meeting of the shareholders, and lay the proposal before them. It was, however, quite evident that the committee had gone so far as to leave the meeting no alternative in the matter. When a scheme for amalgamation has advanced so far, it is impossible to stop. "One thing is quite certain," observed one of the shareholders, "that the gentlemen here taking notes will proclaim it aloud through the empire that the 'Argus' is a falling Company;" and people will not venture to insure there. Mr. Lloyd, one of the most conspicuous members of the committee of amalgamators, used similar language, by way of a threat. "I tell you that we five requisitionists shall not be likely now to let this matter drop. It would be to annihilate you and us, gentlemen. It cannot stop. What was said by Mr. Hornby is true: an insurance office is like Cæsar's wife,—there must be no suspicion. The moment there comes suspicion, there is ruin." Thus Mr. Lloyd acknowledges that he and his associates have placed the "Argus" in a position from which there is no retreat. He makes it a matter of boast that they have run the vessel aground. The thing has no doubt often occurred before; but the chief actors have seldom made so frank a confession. It is not intended to deny that there are a few cases in which amalgamation, with the free consent of all the persons concerned, may be a proper course to follow. But it cannot be desirable that one or two persons who have nothing to do with the management of a Company should have it in their power to force amalgamation on both directors and shareholders. This state of things is rendered possible by the fact that there are companies who are ready to treat with unauthorized persons, and do not reject offers from whatever quarter they may come. In this as in other things demand creates a supply. There are persons quite willing to give a helping hand to hasten the dissolution of a Company. Mr. Lloyd informed the "Argus" shareholders, with the view of removing any doubts as to the legality of their proceedings, that he had already assisted at fifteen or sixteen cases of the sort, and had a couple more on his hands at that instant. The presence of that gentleman in an insurance company seems by his own confession to be fatal to it. Any such association that numbers Mr. Lloyd among its members had better look to itself. Ten to one he has a scheme in his pocket for handing it over to the "Eagle," or to some other society that has no objection to treating with persons that have no authority to sell.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE COLOURED MEN.

IN a well-known old story we are told that an innkeeper once called together his barn-door fowls. "I have summoned you," *mes enfants*, he said, "to ask whether you would prefer to be boiled or roasted?" "Neither," clucked out the more audacious of the party. "*Mes amis, vous sortez de la question.* Good friends," he replied, "you wander from the point." The tale is mediæval, and smacks of an age that paid its deepest reverence to logic. Had the innkeeper addressed his poultry in our gushing day, he would not have recalled them to the hard narrow dilemma he had presented to their choice, but would have addressed the finer feelings of their nature. "Object to both roasting and boiling? O, my children, I say it in no unkind sense, but you take an extremely selfish view of the case."

President Lincoln is our innkeeper. On the 14th of last month he invited a deputation of coloured men to wait upon him, to hear his views upon their position. The President has acquired some little reputation as a humourist, but on this occasion he outdid all former efforts. With inimitable gravity he set before his black friends the discomforts both he and they felt from living together; he pointed out the disadvantages under which coloured men laboured, the aversion with which they were regarded; neither North nor South cared for them. Still, without them there would not have been a war, in fact, they were a nuisance; would they not kindly take the hint and move away, "hook it," "skedaddle," "absquatulate?" All this, uttered with a grave face and evidently taken *au sérieux* by some of his hearers, must have been most exquisite fooling to the speaker. Every one with the least inkling of humour can understand how the antic laughter was keeping state within the brain of the President. Seriously to discourse on some absurd proposition—gravely to weigh the most extravagant reasons—to see the hearers at one time bending their faculties to the apprehension of his meaning, at another doubtful whether it was not all a farce,—the whole scene comes before us, and we may say of it, as of a word spoken in season, how good is it!

"Whether it is wrong or right (the difference between us) I need not discuss. You are cut off from many of the advantages which the white race enjoy. Go

where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you. I do not propose to discuss this, but to present it as a fact with which we have to deal. . . . In our present condition,—the country engaged in war, our white men cutting one another's throats, none knowing how far it will extend,—and then consider what we know to be the truth, but for your race among us there could not be a war. Although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other, nevertheless I repeat, without the institution of slavery and the coloured race as a basis, there could not have been a war."

To remove all sources of dissension and difficulty, the President propounded his advice to his coloured friends to emigrate, and of course he had to meet the reply that they were well off and contented as they were. Slaves might, perhaps, be willing to go if thereby they obtained their freedom, but what inducement could he offer to the free men who were tolerably well off, and had some fixings about them? The humour of the orator did not fail him; he addressed the finer feelings of the nigger nature, and the patriotism for which they are so noted. "You may believe you can live in Washington or elsewhere in the United States the remainder of your life, perhaps, more comfortably than you can in any foreign country. Hence you may come to the conclusion that you have nothing to do with the idea of going to a foreign country. This (I speak in no unkind sense) is an extremely selfish view of the case." The argument is conclusive. The Americans dislike the negroes, in fact, are unwilling that they should live together; how unkind then of the black men not to free the States from the incumbrance of their presence! Besides, consider General Washington; if it be a sacrifice that the negroes are called upon to suffer, did not Washington sacrifice his comfort? and how glorious is his fame! Washington underwent hardships and privations to free his own country; let the negroes more nobly change ease for trial, plenty for want, to free the country of others. Egypt will be glad at their departing, the prince of the people will let them go free; that is, of course, such as are already in that condition. The joy of Egypt is surely enough to outweigh every other consideration.

But the President's power, perhaps, shines most resplendently when he describes the promised land which he has selected to receive the departed people. It is not, indeed, a country which they can exclusively occupy; they cannot hope to form a nation; nor does it clearly appear that the President has made any arrangements to ensure their peaceable reception; still its advantages are overwhelming. It is Central America. The climate will agree with their constitutions; its municipal government will, in some respects, remind them of the land they have quitted, and will so break the strangeness of a new home. "The political affairs there are not quite in as satisfactory a condition as I wish. There are contending factions in that quarter, but it is time all the factions agreed alike on the subject of colonization." It is rich in rowdism, and the government changes with rapidity, but each ruler carries out faithfully the programme of his predecessor; they are steady to the good old simple plan of taxation, taking and keeping what they can, forced loans and exacted benevolences.

Moreover, there are coal mines. Coal is valuable. Coal land is the land to start upon. "Why I attach so much importance to coal is, it will afford an opportunity to the inhabitants for immediate employment until they get ready to 'settle' in their homes." Did the President think, then, that negroes could digest coal? Their constitution is good, and carbon is one of the essentials towards supporting life, and animal chemistry is somewhat abstruse, but digesting coal until they were settled would surely produce a speedy settlement. It is strange that the President should have missed the strongest argument. Coal, he might have said, is black: you, my friends, are black; a "manifest destiny" points out Central America as your home. But it is plain that the President was losing his mastery over himself; the secret laughter which, as the Laureate says, was tickling all his soul, was fast becoming irresistible. Mr. Lincoln, however, died game; if he could not keep to the height of his argument, he eased the strain upon his faculties by having recourse to poetry and unintelligibility. We give his last words as reported, confessing that we have been unable to discover any meaning in them. "I ask you, then, to consider seriously for yourselves, for your race, for the good of mankind, things that are (not?) confined to the present generation, but as—

"From age to age descends the lay,
To millions yet to be,
Till far its echoes roll away
Into eternity."

The verse sounds like an extract from a "Fifth Connection Hymn Book," but even an inarticulate yell is often sufficient to restore the tottering gravity, and the President was sufficiently recovered to be able to assure the deputation that they might take their own time for considering his proposition.

It may not seem strange that the deputation accepted this speech with gravity; deputations are always composed of serious people, and this particular lot was evidently regarded by Mr. Lincoln as made up of inferior creatures. After appealing to them to run entirely counter to their interest, he did not scruple to remind them that all persons except those deficient in intellect looked to their self-interest before venturing on change. The excuse for the deputation does not, how-

ever, apply to those on this side who have also taken Mr. Lincoln's plan *au sérieux*. It seems idle to argue with persons who can believe that the leader of the American people could hope to deal with the great negro difficulty by transporting the negroes to Central America. There are four millions of coloured men in the States, and more than a million in those Border States whose loyalty Mr. Lincoln is most anxious to preserve: to think of getting rid of such a population by emigration is akin to Mrs. Partington's attempt to sweep back the advancing Atlantic with a broom. The whites of the Border States would be slow to accept such a scheme; the South would instantly reject it; what could they do when Othello and his occupation were gone? The expense of course would be overwhelming; but in truth argument is wasted on the matter; it is clearly a mistake to look on the speech as anything but an overflowing of American humour.

Some who have taken this common sense view have been somewhat scandalised at such a joke being perpetrated at a great crisis. The negroes are, and for many years have been, the difficulty of American Government, and to joke over them now is like Nero fiddling whilst Rome was burning. But the objection indicates a defective understanding of the working of an overstrained mind. Mr. Lincoln's address, like Mr. Seward's invitation to the labourers of Europe to seize the present opportunity of emigrating to the States, is really an outburst of spirits preserving their sanity under great tension. Every one has felt a tendency to laugh at some sudden revelation of danger or of crime. Jean Paul Richter has a story of a man ordinarily calm who could not forbear from laughter at the most solemn moments of his life. Mr. Lincoln has passed through such a cerebral crisis, he has delivered himself from a great pressure, and has given the world a magnificent specimen of American humour; and though we do not believe that ten years hence his scheme will be found to have been of any further effect, we are satisfied that he now feels considerably better.

THE CURE OF CRIME.

THE great fact which lies at the root of the problem which has so long harassed and perplexed us—the management and disposal of our criminals—is, that nine-tenths of the most serious and formidable offences, nine-tenths of the persistent, ever-recurring, and curable crime of the country, are committed by habitual violators of the law; by men whose life, livelihood, and profession consist of depredations with or without violence. In the most moral communities, in the happiest, most prosperous, best governed states, there will always be much law-breaking and some crime. Want, ill-regulated tempers, vicious or violent dispositions, will always give rise to assaults on property and person—this is a *moral* sore incidental to an imperfect nature, and we can never look for its eradication. But the existence of a large, increasing, organized, and trained class, who live by larceny and are ready to commit whatever amount of violence may be necessary to render that larceny successful, is a *social* evil, which need not and ought not to be permitted, and which is a deep reproach to the Government whose incapacity has failed to crush it. This class constitutes that *criminal population*—as distinguished from mere casual offenders—with which we have to deal.

The second notorious fact connected with the subject is, that when once parties enter on a career of crime, they scarcely ever do or can escape from it to any other. They are detected; sent to prison, where they associate with thieves more skilful and hardened than themselves; when discharged, all honest courses of industry are virtually closed to them by the fact of their conviction and imprisonment; and they are at the same time better qualified than ever for the only career which lies open to them. They become habitual depredators—almost invariably so—almost inevitably so; they have entered into the confraternity of offenders who are permanently, and by the law of their being, at war with society, which rejects them, which they hate, and on which they prey.

Now the relation which this criminal class bears to society is simply that of *enemies against which it has to protect itself*. It ought not to detest them—for often, if we look to their organization, their antecedents, and their necessities, their moral guilt may not be great. It ought not to regard them as objects of vengeance—for vengeance belongs to a Power which alone is competent to judge of sin and to apportion penalty. It has no *direct* business with them, as erring children, which it must endure, pardon, and reform. They are objects of compassion, no doubt, to the Christian and the philanthropist, but the function of the *State* is neither to forgive offences nor to regenerate offenders, but to protect society against both.

These three statements put us at once and clearly in possession of the case with which we have to deal. Our society contains within its bosom a class of internecine foes, who live and can only live by preying upon its substance and violating its laws. Each fresh punishment inflicted upon the comparatively few individuals of that class whom we detect and seize, only completes their professional skill and confirms their professional feelings,—sends them forth to their work again with their enmity to society exasperated, their means of wreaking that enmity augmented and sharpened, and their necessity

of pursuing that course of enmity, as their only way of earning a living, more imperative than ever. What then does common sense, common humanity, the true instinct of self-preservation, dictate as the fit mode of dealing with this class, with which we have nothing, as a State, to do, except permanently to protect society against it? Is it not obvious that, as soon as our enemy is delivered into our hands—as soon as it is clear that he is our enemy, that he belongs (that is) to the population who live by crime, and is not a mere casual offender led astray by want or passion,—*we should keep hands upon him till he has ceased to be our enemy?* What should we do in any ordinary case of pertinacious or systematic hostility? Should we confine the man till a certain space of time had passed?—or till the hostile mood of mind had passed? If we have seized a desperado who, either from bad passions, or perverse insanity, or untoward but resistless circumstances, hates us or covets our possessions, and is virtually certain to be always assailing us, or injuring us, or preying upon us,—and if we *know* that as soon as we untie his hands he will be at us again,—*do we ever untie his hands?* Should we not deem it madness to do so, unless we could either remove him permanently out of our path, or change his disposition, or incapacitate him from action, or in some way or other secure ourselves against a repetition of his former practices? And would not this resolution to hold him fast be confirmed by the reflection that, by so doing, we were preventing him from training up fresh enemies to us—that we were shutting up his school? In like manner, is it not clear that when once we have got hold of a regular criminal—a member of that “criminal population” whose discomfiture and extirpation constitute the problem we are set to solve—*we must never let him go*, till we have in some way or other incapacitated him—till we have eradicated the inimical and predatory will, or destroyed the inimical and predatory power—till his enmity against society is either disarmed or reconciled? This is what our course obviously ought to be. What we have done has been to let loose every year upon the world from 80,000 to 100,000 criminals, at least four-fifths of whom belong to the class of professional and permanent offenders, ready and obliged to renew their depredations,—neither deterred, nor reclaimed, nor incapacitated; but, on the contrary, more capable than ever.

Now, there are only three modes in which we can render our professional criminals permanently incapable of crime, without doing which it is simple imbecility and wrong-doing to liberate them, viz.:

1. By deterring them.
2. By removing them.
3. By incarcerating them till reclaimed.

No practical and experienced man has any confidence in the deterring influence of punishment upon regular thieves or convicts. It must be borne in mind that we are dealing with those brought up to and pursuing a definite trade or calling. Occasional detection and punishment are among the calculated chances of this calling. The chance of being killed does not deter the common soldier from enlisting nor induce him to desert his profession. The certainty of an early death by a painful disease does not deter the Sheffield knife-grinder from his fatal occupation. Why should the prospect of far smaller evils deter the thief from a far more lucrative and less dangerous calling? But there is much more to be said on this point. In order that punishment should be very efficacious in deterring ordinary, unimaginative, pachydermatous animals, such as habitual criminals always are, it must possess three attributes;—it must be *certain*, it must be *prompt*, and it must be *visible*. Now our existing punishments do not possess any one of these essential qualifications. So far from being certain, they are very problematical; so far from being prompt, they are usually very distant and very slow. The chances of escape, especially in the minor offences, are at least twenty to one. It is calculated that an ordinary skilful thief may count on an average upon six years' impunity. Nor is the penalty when it comes at all uniform or to be relied on. The practised criminal is often caught in the most trivial of his larcenies, and is treated with comparative leniency. It is not too much to say that the young villain, who enters on a career of crime, has no data whatever on which to calculate what fate he has to expect, nor when that fate will overtake him. How, then, should he be deterred by its contemplation?

Nor are our punishments *visible*. Hanging, flogging, the pillory, and working publicly in chains—the only punishments which are visible, and which therefore might deter young beginners, we have nearly or entirely eliminated from our penal code. In ordinary cases the convict is removed from the dock, and neither the public nor his own associates know distinctly what has become of him. He disappears—to Wakefield gaol, to Pentonville, to Bermuda, as the case may be;—but what he does or suffers there is known to few and can scarcely be distinctly realized by any.

Remove our criminals we cannot any longer. To get rid of them for good by deporting them to the antipodes was a splendid and an easy contrivance—while it lasted. But we used it too recklessly, and we have lost it for ever. Of all our colonies, Western Australia is the only one that will now receive convicts, and its limits and resources enable it to absorb but few. The establishment of a new

penal colony is not only now acknowledged to be inadmissible, on grounds which we need not enter upon here, but it would not meet the requirements of the case. Moreover, transportation is altogether a mistake as a *penalty*, though invaluable as a *resource* for disposing of those who have undergone their penalty, and have been amended by it. If criminals are to be punished and trained to better ways in prison, this can be done far more cheaply, efficiently, and securely on Wandsworth Common or at Dartmoor than at Sydney. Establishments of so difficult and critical a nature we cannot keep too close under our own eye.

Incarceration till they are reclaimed, however long and uncertain that period may be, is therefore the only resource left to us for meeting our problem. The justice, the efficacy, and the feasibility of this, we must reserve for another number.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

EACH season of the year has its victims; and as surely as we look for wrecks and shipping disasters in the months of January and February, may we expect a grim succession of railway accidents in August and September. In these months the season for excursion trains is at its height, and a million atoms of the industrial world are in a state of locomotion, which is assiduously encouraged and promoted by all the railway companies in the kingdom. Very low fares, and tickets covering an interval of time which it is permitted to the excursionists to spend in some healthy or amusing place, are chief among the devices by which the poorer classes are induced to quit their habitations and trust themselves for a while in a strange world. Monster placards and handbills bring the allurements to every cottage door. And all this is as it should be, for to the poor in general their one excursion trip is the most memorable event of the whole year. Alone it stands above the dull monotony of toil by which their daily bread is painfully won; and it remains as one of the brightest in the slender stock of ideas round which the uneducated mind slowly and laboriously moves. Through the long winter evenings the memory of the day in the past autumn spent at the sea-side supplies their thoughts with food for rumination; and in the busy spring and summer days the coming holiday is ever kept in view as the brief respite from labour and its recompense. As soon as the close of harvesting operations leaves them leisure, and the wages of harvest work have swelled the savings of the year, the brief exodus begins, and through the length and breadth of the land whole families desert their homes. In ordinary years the sea-side, where it is easily and cheaply accessible, is the favourite resort of excursionists; and where the sea is too remote, they hasten eagerly to invigorate constitutions, which toil and the close atmosphere of a town have sapped, by inhaling the fresh air of some breezy hills. This year, however, the tide of excursionists sets, to an unusual degree, in the direction of London, the Exhibition of course being the new attraction; and that the great number of the poorer classes who see the Exhibition, the better it will be for them and the whole nation, none probably would deny. But while such excursions are of incalculable benefit to the mass of those that go and return to their homes, and remain in their recollections associated with nothing but what is agreeable, to a few the very reverse of this happens by no fault of theirs, and they carry with them to their graves the marks of a tragical holiday. The railway on their homeward journey is usually the scene of the tragedy. When the time allowed by the ticket has elapsed, and the hour appointed for their return has arrived, the station is thronged with a crowd of excursionists all in the highest possible spirits. With much noise and confusion, but with the greatest good humour, carriages, and sometimes even goods-waggons, are crammed as full as they will hold with human beings of both sexes and every age; and trains are started off, one after another, in rapid succession. For a time all goes well, and the universal jollity might relax the risible muscles of a bear. And now the train is travelling through a tunnel, or it is, perhaps, making a short stoppage at a station to water the engine. The general merriment has reached its climax; the men and boys are cutting their very intelligible, if not very refined, jokes, and the girls are all giggling with delight at the wit and grace of their admirers. At such a moment as this, if some sober and contemplative spirit, not wholly absorbed by the scene within, should happen to look out of the carriage-window, he may see a pointsman or a porter not far off, brandishing a red flag like a maniac; or if it be at night, he may see a red light dancing wildly in the darkness. Very little time will be given him for the wholesome, though disagreeable, reflections which such a sight is likely to awaken in him, if he be at all conversant with the meaning of railway-signals, before he hears a shrill whistle. A few moments pass, during which he enjoys the comfort of listening to a heavy rushing sound, and then there is an appalling crash, in which his body will become an ingredient in a confused mass of wood and iron, and human flesh and bone, while his soul, possibly, makes a rapid passage to the next world.

The accidents of last year at Hampstead and in the Clayton Tunnel, are still of fresh and terrible memory; and now Market Harborough

has been made the scene of another fatal collision between excursion trains. It appears from the reports of the accident, that on the Wednesday of last week the Midland Railway Company ran cheap excursion trains from Burton and Leicester to London, and the tickets were available till Thursday evening, when the return-trains, according to the advertisement, left King's Cross at half-past seven o'clock. As the number of the excursionists was large, they were put into two trains. The passengers returning to Burton were started off in the first train, which consisted of twenty-five carriages; and the second train, carrying Leicester excursionists, followed the Burton train after an interval of about six or seven minutes. The second train travelled faster than the first, and overtook it at Bedford, where it had stopped to take in water. But the Burton train proceeded on its way, while the Leicester train, in its turn, stopped to water. What interval of time elapsed between the departure of the two trains from Bedford, has not yet been made clear. At Market Harborough, which it reached at seven minutes before eleven, the Burton train again stopped to water the engine. As no notice had been given to the officials at Market Harborough that any train would stop there at that hour of the night, the Burton train entered a dark and deserted station. The ordinary service of the day ended at ten o'clock, and soon after that hour the lights were extinguished, the doors were closed, and the porters retired to their homes, leaving the world to darkness and the station-master. That official remained at his post after the rest had gone, and he too was on the point of seeking repose after the labours and anxieties of a well-spent day, when he cast a casual glance into the gloom around him, and then became conscious of the fact that there was drawn up in the station a long train, extending along the whole length of the platform, and reaching to some distance beyond the points and main signal-post. This was the Burton train; and while the engine was taking in water, some of the passengers were vigorously singing "Rule Britannia," and others were roaming about the station, the darkness of which was broken only by the rays of a solitary lamp. All, however, had resumed their seats, the watering of the engine had been completed, and the train had again got into motion, when a long and loud whistle pierced the stillness of the night-air. In a minute more the astounded station-master heard a crash and the rattle of falling glass, and saw the train before him violently part in two. Then there followed a scene of utter confusion and terror. Fifteen hundred human beings, the contents of the Leicester and Burton trains which had come into collision, were struggling to escape from the carriages at every door and window. Some were groaning with the pain of hideous wounds, the rest were shouting and screaming with fright, and all was hidden by a thick curtain of darkness, save where the station-master's hand-lamp cast a partial light, while it deepened the surrounding gloom. Scarcely a single light was burning in either of the two trains, and till a bonfire had been made of the broken carriages, it was impossible to discover the extent of the disaster. Then it was found that the carriages at the end of the Burton train had been crashed and overturned, that one passenger was already dead, that others had received injuries so severe as almost to preclude any hope of recovery, and that some fifty more had sustained every variety of fracture and bruise which the human frame can experience without the prospect of a speedy dissolution.

The Coroner's inquest upon the body of the passenger who was killed on the spot has not yet terminated, and it yet remains to be seen whether the jury will bring a charge of culpable negligence against any of the railway people concerned in the accident; but it is already clear that the immediate cause of the accident was something wrong about the signals, and there is a direct conflict testimony as to the state of the signals when the Leicester train approached Market Harborough. At the southern end of the platform at Market Harborough stands the main signal or semaphore, which on the night of the accident was in charge of a pointsman named Hagger, who had been for some years in the service of the London and North-Western Company (to whom, jointly with the Midland Company, this part of the line belongs), and had always borne an excellent character. A little more than 600 yards from the main signal on the London side there is an auxiliary signal, which is also worked by the man on duty at the main signal. The normal condition of both these signals is to stand at danger; and no train coming from London should pass the auxiliary signal till the red light has been "whistled off" and the white light substituted for it. The driver, and fireman, and the two guards of the Leicester train all positively state that when they came up to the auxiliary signal, "the signal was as white as any signal in this world ever was;" but none of them say that they saw the white light actually substituted for the red in answer to their whistle, which, according to the station-master's evidence, they ought to have seen before they proceeded. On the other hand, Hagger the pointsman is certain that he again put on the red lights both at the auxiliary and the main signals after the Burton train had entered the station. Whatever the real state of the auxiliary signal may have been, the Leicester train passed it; and as the line here unluckily makes a very sharp curve, it had nearly reached the station before the driver was able to

see the red light at the main signal and the red lights at the end of the Burton train. He immediately reversed the engine, and applied the breaks, but it was then too late. The train was a heavy one, it was running down an incline, and the interval left for pulling it up was very short. And so it ran into the Burton train with an impetus of about six miles an hour.

Before the verdict of the jury on the inquest has been given, it would be premature to pass any censure; but if the station-master is correct in saying that a driver of a train coming up to the auxiliary signal, and finding a white light, ought to know that something is wrong, *unless the white light has been substituted for the red light after he has whistled*,—then it remains for the driver of the Leicester train to explain how he came to pass the auxiliary signal as he did. And it is very likely true that the pointsman Hagger turned on, *as he thought*, the red light at the auxiliary signal after the Burton train had passed into the station; but it is well known that these signals, worked by wires, do, from atmospheric or other influences, sometimes fail to act properly. And it comes out in the station-master's evidence, that only two days before the accident the auxiliary signal had twice failed to act. His attention had been called to it, he had examined it, and found it, as he thought, all right. But what happened twice on the Tuesday may very easily have happened again with a more fatal result on the Thursday, as nothing had been done to repair the signal in the mean time. And if the auxiliary signal did in reality, as we conjecture, fail to act when Hagger intended to put on the red light, he would never have discovered (as we gather from the evidence) that his intention had not been carried out. Is it not absolutely necessary, then, that the signal apparatus should be so arranged that a pointsman working a signal at a distance may always know whether the signal has answered properly to his handling? And though some error in the signals seems to have been the proximate cause of the recent accident, it is clear that it is more remotely attributable to the dangerous practice of despatching trains one after the other with too short intervals of time. There was only six minutes between the departure of the two trains from London; and how short the interval was between the departures from Bedford we do not know. This, too, at night on a line with very sharp curves and steep inclines! One would have thought that the enormous sums annually paid by railway companies as compensation for the consequences of accidents, would have made them adopt every precaution, *motu proprio*; but if, as it seems, this wholesome retribution is an insufficient safeguard, it will be time for the Legislature to interfere, and secure the safety of the travelling public.

THE "SPECIAL" AMONG THE BUCOLICS.

A SERENE sorrow must have overspread the mind of the conductors of the daily journals, when the news came that far away among the downs of Wiltshire the sheep had been seized with small-pox. Sympathy with the suffering graziers would melt the heart of the man; the admirable suitability of the occasion would restore the sinking spirits of the editor. Every feeling breast would lament that the victims must die; but every admirer of brute instinct would rejoice to observe that they had chosen the dullest part of the dull season for dying. Wiltshire has really done its best for the parliamentary recess of 1862. The spiritual pastors of the diocese provided one "sensation" for the public, with a self-denial for which no canonries could be too great a reward; and now that the shepherds of the people have passed from the stage for a time, the feeders of secular mutton have their turn. We very much fear that their turn is likely to last longer, and their share of type to become larger and larger. But however great may be the extent of the calamity which threatens the English flocks, we cannot but congratulate the readers of September newspapers that the great fire-escape question is likely to find something to supersede it, and that the entirely novel subject of the sheep-disease is to be treated, as far as we can see at present, with a due sense of its magnitude.

It was a good thought to send down a special correspondent at once to the scene of suffering. An English journal not only thus secures the best intelligence, but gives the world a proof of energy undaunted by autumn. The special correspondents sent to report Garibaldi's campaign were, in most instances, successful in arriving at each important scene almost immediately after its importance had been transferred to another; and those in America would certainly be the very first to transmit news of the movements of the Federal armies, but for the single circumstance that they are not allowed, by official sternness, to inspect them. What, too, if the small-pox in sheep were all a wicked hoax, like the excavations in Nottingham, which any one is welcome to view on applying at the office of a gentleman purely imaginary? Jokes are jokes, but it would not do to set all Wiltshire in a ferment on the strength of casual correspondence. Accordingly the "special" is dispatched, with the best credentials, a few select letters of introduction, and an unlimited appetite for facts. He seems to have set about his task with considerable zeal, and a determination to make the most, in a journalistic point of view, of the disaster. *Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves*. It is painful to be obliged to add that this praiseworthy energy was utterly and completely foiled by the dastardly taciturnity of the rustics. The "special" was ready to listen to anything that might be said, and to award it its due

value in making up his budget for the press. But attention and judgment are thrown away when no one can be found to say anything. He displayed, no doubt, all those arts of penetrative sagacity which at a fire, for example, or a volunteer review, would have carried everything before it in half-an-hour. He disclaimed all intention of interference; he produced his letters; possibly he was not backward with his shillings. The mind of Wiltshire was alike above bribery and letter-reading. Speech, it probably thought, is silver; silence is golden. Really the want of public spirit among the shepherds of Salisbury plain is a disgrace to the South of England. Here is a gentleman who has come a hundred miles for the express purpose of being talked to; and the very man whose conversation he so highly prizes obstinately refuses to talk. *O dura pastorum ilia!* Alexis, when refusing, in a sulky moment, to have anything to do with Corydon, could not have been more reticent or more aggravating.

The narrative in which the correspondent last Tuesday records his discomfiture is one of the most pathetic descriptions which we have lately read. It is a pity that we have no Theocritus among us to throw into elegiac couplets the conversation between the coy feeder of the sheep and the gentleman down from town. The introduction, the discourse on the weather, the insensible advances towards small-pox, the gradual reserve that steals over the language, the ardent advances of the gentleman, the conversational prudery of the rustic, would be gracefully and tenderly depicted up to the last fated moment when the simple denizen of the pastures goes away piping to his flocks, and the despairing correspondent throws himself down on the grass in an agony of wounded curiosity. But as it is, the story is full of plaintive interest. Everything, it appears, had been done to ensure success. Three acting magistrates had declared their opinion in writing that the flockmasters ought to talk. A Major, whose name cannot be given, had written a direct letter requesting one of them, as a particular favour, to talk. Argument and expostulation availed as little as the suggestions of magistrates and majors. Two ideas equally fatal to unrestricted conversation had got abroad: one, that the Government were sending down an inquiry with some design of that sinister nature without which no Government ever interferes with the people; the other, a not unnatural idea to intrude, that the press had spoilt the markets. These two notions had obtained so complete a mastery over the rustic mind as seriously to affect either its veracity or its memory. Small-pox? They knew as little about the small-pox as about algebra. What was small-pox? Who said there was anything of the kind about in those parts? Well, upon second thoughts, they were not sure that they had not heard of something or other in the way of sickness up towards the other end of the county, a long way off. Neighbour Hodge's flock certainly had no small-pox hanging about it—at all events there were only some ten or twenty sheep attacked, if there were any, and those were going to recover, and if any had died they had most positively been buried or burnt, and what did people come poking about and pestering honest people for? Drinking their health is quite another thing; but perhaps the gentleman wouldn't mention anything about small-pox to the Government? Such seems to have been the general tenor of the replies vouchsafed to the newspaper correspondent of last week, and it is, we are candidly informed, completely in accordance with the result of other inquiries which have been made. The hapless envoy, whose advances were so ill-received, seems at last to have lost his temper. The poor shepherds are very distinctly informed that they are no wiser than they should be. None of "this class of persons," he says, are "of a very high order in an intellectual sense." This is, we think, unfair. It is arguing hastily from negative grounds. We all know how much Lord Burleigh meant by one shake of the head, and how can the special correspondent tell that his rustic non-informants did not, when they spoke little, think the more? But it must be confessed that the few gleanings of fact and philosophy which the inquirer was able to arrive at are not wholly satisfactory. For while one authority ascribes the disease to the watery nature of the turnips upon which the animals had been fed, another lays it at the door of the "new sort of guano;" while a third, after a Baconian reference to antecedent experience, was satisfied that the root of the mischief was nothing more or less than the comet. "In the year I got married there was a comet, and the sheep rotted off,"—in the graceful dialect of Wiltshire, no doubt, the "ship rarted off in the carmet,"—"it is years ago." All this time the number of facts accumulated was painfully meagre. Perhaps, on the whole, the worst rebuff was that which proceeded from the middle-aged lady to whom the too sanguine Major had forwarded his letter of appeal. "She could not see what the Major had to do with their flock; he had better look after his own, if what she had heard on Sunday were true." And when a Major is repulsed with loss, a correspondent may well execute a strategic movement home.

The truth, or part of it, seems to be, from all that we have been able to hear, that the panic in Wiltshire has been more than commensurate with the actual disaster. That the mind of the flockmasters should be thoroughly aroused to a sense of the danger is in every respect fortunate. But we believe we are justified in saying that the disorder has hardly extended in any direction beyond a circle of a few miles from Devizes. The danger certainly is a terrible one, if no precautions were taken to meet it. If the enormous flocks, which the wide downs of the southern part of the county are hardly sufficient to feed, were ever exposed, without protection, to the taint of small-pox, the calamity would be ruinous to thousands. There is no denying, moreover, that, at the present moment, the danger is somewhat

increased by the proximity of the annual fairs. Three of the largest sheep fairs in the county will take place in the course of the next few weeks; and sheep must go to the market, come what will. But we have strong hopes that the stir which has been already made on the subject will have had the effect of greatly mitigating the risk. Inoculation is going on rapidly all over the county, and seems by most accounts to be successful. If, now, like other more favoured countries, we had a few prefects and sub-prefects to manage the business, it would soon be settled. Shepherds who can talk, and won't talk, would be made to talk; ordinances would be issued; recalcitrant owners would be fined. As we live in a land where every man's pig-sty, even, is his castle, we must be content to trust to the efforts of the magistrates, and the press, and the opportunities which free communication offers for plans of joint action. If the evil should spread, joint action will be indispensable. It will probably take the form of a large destruction of property, and a small county rate, or at all events a subscription, for the reimbursement of the owners. Meanwhile, if any of the reporters on the staff of the daily journals are possessed of sufficient persuasive powers to entice a Wiltshire Daphnis into conversation, let them by all means be sent without delay. In classical times, we believe, the recognized method of promoting interchange of thought was by challenging the shepherd to a contest of song, while his sheep fed peaceably on the slope. We can but suggest the attempt. The correspondent might begin by stories of railway accidents and marriages in high life, and how Brompton wooed, and did not win, the haughty daughter of Belgravia. In his turn the trustful rustic might possibly disclose the cares of a pastoral life, and adapt to his simple music the unlovely incidents of the small-pox. At the end the correspondent might own himself vanquished, and yield his rival the prize of the silver coin. One might return contented to his flock, and the other, exultant, to his article.

THE PROFESSION OF POLITICS.

ALL Englishmen are apt to think that they are politicians by prescription, and that the mere fact that they are in the habit of sharing in the continual unrestricted criticism of public men and affairs which goes on in the newspapers confers upon them all the political knowledge which is required for any practical purpose. There is a certain degree of truth in this. The benefits which accrue to a nation from the fact that the great mass of its inhabitants take an intelligent interest in its affairs are universally recognized, and, if possible, exaggerated. It is not so generally understood that apart from this general political opinion or sentiment there is such a thing as special acquaintance with the practical art of politics, and that the possession or want of this special knowledge, and of the skill which it implies, is that which determines the direct political importance of any given individual, either as a member of Parliament, a journalist, or a local politician. Thousands of intelligent men have a considerable acquaintance with the bearings of the various questions of the day, and have opinions respecting them entitled to great respect, but are nevertheless entirely not only destitute of any practical acquaintance with politics, but unaware that such a branch of knowledge exists or is worth having. It is nevertheless indisputably true that the immediate future of the nation, its policy from month to month or from year to year, depends entirely upon the persons who do possess this knowledge, though the great permanent causes by which the main course of national affairs is regulated lie deeper and depend very little on individual tastes and powers.

Hardly any one who has not actually made the experiment of looking for it is aware of the extreme rarity of practical political knowledge, and of the all but entire absence of it which co-exists with a good deal of general political knowledge and a strong general interest on the subject. Probably if a dozen educated men taken at random were collected together and called upon to describe their political principles, the creed of any one would be accepted by the rest with little reservation. For general purposes, we are all of one mind. The difficulty is to apply these generalities to particular cases, and to do so in such a manner as to satisfy the public at large that the thing actually has been done. This single step, which looks easy to bystanders, is, in fact, a matter of great nicety, requiring little, if anything, in the way of display, but an immense deal of tact, judgment, and minute acquaintance with the feelings and tempers of a great number of different people. Carrying out into practice principles universally admitted is like steering a boat. It is as easy to say or to do the right thing as to say or to do the wrong one, just as it is equally easy to move the tiller in any required direction. The difficulty in each case is to know which is the right thing to be done out of several perfectly simple things, and the accuracy of the solution of the problem can in each case be tested by the result only. If the public are satisfied and no catastrophe happens, the presumption is that the Government have acted judiciously. If the passengers escape a ducking, the probability is that the man at the helm knows his business. Even professional politicians constantly fail in the practical part of their business, though their general political ability may be of the highest order. It was by want of this that M. Guizot, who had all knowledge at his fingers' ends, utterly failed as a minister. It is by possessing it in an unexampled degree that Lord Palmerston, in our own country, and Louis Napoleon, in France, exert so much influence. Louis Napoleon is, perhaps, the strongest illustration of these gifts that modern history affords. Everything is to be said against him, but he knows his own mind and he knows what suits the French. It ca hardly

tions, and, when asked what the poor woman had done to give him power over her, he replied, "Nothing; but her lord and husband, who has power over her body, gave it to me." This ecclesiastical doctrine of the extent of the husband's power over his wife is somewhat overstrained, but we trace in it a reminiscence of the period of social history when a man bought his wife as property, and could do with her what he liked.

The sentiments of Giraldus himself appear to have been naturally liberal, and good sense often pierces through his ecclesiastical prejudices. At a time when the Church was labouring to enforce the observance of celibacy among the clergy, and when he himself enforced the new ordinances of the church, he pronounces on principle against it, acknowledging that it was not enjoined in the Old or New Testament or by the Apostles, and approving the remark of the great theologian, Petrus Manducator, who, he tells us, had in his hearing, before his whole school, when filled with men of learning, declared that the spirit of evil had never inflicted so great a blow on God's Church as when the principle of clerical celibacy was introduced into it. To this he ascribes chiefly the license and disorder which he acknowledges to have prevailed in the church in his times, and he has preserved not a few scandalous stories, which show us that the lives of the ecclesiastics were not then models of continence. Monks and nuns appear from these stories to have been especially vicious, and the latter seem to have been common seducers of the other sex; while higher ecclesiastics, and even saints, are represented as acting but indiscreetly, for Giraldus tells us that St. Aldhelm used to sleep between two girls, "that he might be defamed of men" ("qui inter duas puellas, unam ab uno latere alteram ab altero, singulis noctibus, ut ab hominibus diffameretur"); and a bishop whom Giraldus knew, carried with him as a companion when he journeyed a handsome young nun, who slept under the same roof with him. The parish priests appear to have incurred less blame in this article, because, in spite of the ordinances of the Church against it, they persisted in taking wives, though the Church regarded them only as concubines, and they thus lived a more natural and domestic life. Giraldus further represents the clergy of his time as much given to gluttony and to drinking. He agrees in an old doctrine of the Anglo-Saxon clergy, that it was not only excusable, but even praiseworthy, and was justified by the example of some of the saints, to get drunk sometimes "for the sake of hospitality." St. Philibert was one day inebriated as well as his guest—apparently, from the words of the story, actually laid under the table—when the devil came to him, and feeling his belly as he lay, said jocularly, "Philibert is in good condition to-day!" Philibert replied, "he will be otherwise to-morrow." Not intimating thereby that he should suffer from the results of his debauch, but merely that he should atone for the venial sin of one day by fasting upon bread and water the next. While treating of the vice of gluttony, Giraldus makes a curious allusion to the guilds which prevailed throughout England in his time, and which embraced the two objects of religious purposes and jovial clubs. He says that the clergy ought to avoid these "feastings and potations, which you are in the habit of holding annually, by subscription, where laymen and women assemble promiscuously, and those evils occur of which I have spoken. What is the effect of these things you know by many examples. But if the advantage of such meetings, which you by a more specious term call a fraternity (or guild), be in masses, prayers, and psalms for the living and the dead, I reply that any such advantage forms no counterbalance to the corresponding evil. If, however, there must be a feast, let it be in moderation, free from all superfluities of meats and drinks, or let all that is superfluous be bestowed upon the poor."

It is remarkable how familiar the clergy of the Middle Ages seem to have been with the use of poisons, and they appear to have had reasons for dreading their presence even in the sacramental cup. Connected with this subject there was a grave question among churchmen, what was to be done in case a spider or other unclean thing fell accidentally into the cup after consecration. Giraldus tells us that he heard Peter Manducator lecture on this subject, and that he said, "that if such a thing happened to him he would not take the consecrated wine, but pour it down the piscina; and he told a story of some wicked monks at Tours who mixed poison in the cup when the abbot was celebrating. One of them warned the abbot of it, but he took it and died. And he told of another who drank the consecrated wine with a spider in it, and he took no harm, but the spider afterwards came out at his arm." Giraldus adds other stories from his own recollection, and some professedly from his own knowledge, of spiders falling into the wine and issuing from different parts of men's bodies, as well as of poison administered in the sacred elements. It appears further that, in Wales, at least, ale was sometimes used instead of wine, a practice which Giraldus unhesitatingly condemns, and he expresses the opinion that with this liquor transubstantiation could not take place.

We might go on quoting from this book anecdotes of ecclesiastical manners and opinions in the twelfth century to an almost indefinite extent, if our space would permit it, but we have done enough to show how full of interest it is, and what a vivid and faithful picture it gives us of the times in which it was compiled. The "Gemma Ecclesiastica" of Giraldus Cambrensis is, indeed, a valuable addition to our materials of historical science. It is only known to exist in one manuscript preserved in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, and the text presents a few difficulties, which the reading of other manuscripts, if they existed, would probably clear up. But it could not have been placed in better hands for publication than those of Professor Brewer.

ÉTUDES SUR LA LITTÉRATURE DU SECOND EMPIRE FRANÇAIS.*

"LOOKERS ON," says the proverb, "see most of the game." M. Reymond is a Swiss who spent some years at Paris. He kept his eyes open, and has succeeded in putting together a better account of contemporary French literature than most Parisian men of letters could have done. His book consists of a series of eight lectures delivered in Berlin, and since retouched in order to fit them for the reader rather than the listener. "The second French Empire," says M. Reymond, "is like the camp of Wallenstein—a hybrid assemblage of

monks, soldiers, and vivandières." He does not, however, attribute the causes of the literary decadence of France exclusively to the present Government, and reviews at some length the course of French intellect from 1789 to 1851. Something must, he thinks, be set down to the exhaustion which has been caused by so many revolutions. "One cannot be surprised at the scepticism of a nation which, in sixty years, has proclaimed thirteen constitutions, and some twenty governments." Liberty is used up; religion, sentiment, poetry, are used up. What engine of government remains except mere force? "Do you know," said Montalembert, to the men of '48, "what has been your great crime?"—"You have disenchanted France with liberty."

The bourgeoisie likewise must bear the blame of much that has occurred. While it was in power, from 1830 to the great crash, it governed France for its own profit, without scruple as without hindrance. Future ages will judge it by the literature of base metal which grew up during its reign, as it will judge the Second Empire, to a great extent, by the still more disgusting productions of the so-called Realist school, by Fanny and Madame Bovary.

In the second chapter, under the title of "Les Métamorphoses," we have sketches of M. Nisard, *l'homme à deux morales*, as he has been called, from an unlucky passage in one of his lectures; of M. de la Guéronnière, who sprung from a family which was distinguished in the wars of La Vendée, and having commenced his public career as a Legitimist, has become the pamphleteer, *par excellence*, of the present régime; of M. Granier de Cassagnac, a coarse and combative writer—apt for dirty work; of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and one or two more. M. Reymond's observations are just and well spiced with *bon-mots*, but not particularly new. We must make an exception in favour of a long poem, which he quotes, by Mongis, *procureur général*, which few will, we think, have been fortunate enough to see:—

"Français! le Prince magnanime
Qui nous fit, si près de l'abîme
Un sort si grand, si glorieux,
Comme le Cyrus de la Bible,
Fut longtemps à l'avance et d'un signe visible,
Marqué dans le secret des cieux."

It is another proof added to the many which already exist, of the baseness of the magistrature.

The third chapter sketches the present state of French philosophy, and passes in review, of course, only in the most cursory way, Cousin, Jules Simon, Renan, Vacherot, Taine, and the Comtists. It is, from the nature of the case, far from satisfactory; but the reader will probably pick up a few facts. M. Reymond quotes that fine passage, from Jouffroy, which more have heard of than have read, in which the philosopher describes that "December evening on which the veil which concealed from him his unbelief was torn asunder."

M. Renan is justly characterized as "le talent le plus fin et le plus élevé peut-être de la nouvelle génération," only we think that the "perhaps" might be safely omitted. We do not, however, think that M. Reymond has quite understood the peculiarities of that remarkable writer. Comparing him with Vacherot, he says, "M. Renan n'a pas la même franchise. Il s'est maintenu dans un demi-jour poétique et sentimental qui dissimulait habilement le fond de sa pensée." We should be inclined to consider the want of definite conclusions, the taking refuge in poetry, which is so characteristic of Renan when he approaches the highest problems, as anything but a ground of reproach. Surely as long as he treats of subjects with which the human intelligence can grapple on equal terms, he is trenchant and decided enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of cut-and-dried formulas. It must not be forgotten, however, that M. Reymond's lectures were delivered in Berlin, and this is not the only point on which he has accommodated himself to his audience.

Poetry is the subject of the fourth chapter. We have notes on Alfred de Musset, on Brizeux, the singer of Brittany; on Baudelaire, the realist; on M. de Banville, another of the same tiresome company; on Lecomte de Lisle, the classicist; on Pierre Dupont, the poet of humble life; on Lachambaudie, the fabulist; and on M. Victor de Laprade, whom M. Reymond does not love.

After describing his reception at the Institut, he says:—

"Ne le comparez point à celui qu'il remplace,
Ses vers sont bien frappés, mais frappés à la glace."

He quotes against him, too, a better joke than the above. M. Barbey-d'Aurevilly was conversing one day about the comparative merits of M. Autran and M. de la Prade. "One must admit," he said, "that if neither of them is very attractive, in the case of M. de la Prade, 'l'ennui tombe de plus haut.'"

From poetry we pass to novels, a melancholy subject at present in France; for we fear there is no denying M. Reymond's assertion, "The influence of Balzac has defeated that of George Sand along the whole line. Materialism has overthrown Idealism." From novels we are carried to the drama, which M. Reymond discusses at, at least, as much length as it deserves. The seventh chapter is a short notice of the most eminent critics of modern France, from M. Villemain and M. St. Marc Girardin downwards; and the eighth is a sketch, now somewhat out of date, of the newspaper press.

Throughout, M. Reymond is sketchy and gossiping, but he is generally right. His book will inform as well as amuse his reader. On the whole, we think that it leaves too melancholy an impression. True it is, that when we pass the Straits of Dover, and take up, the first time, perhaps, for some months, an English newspaper, we are struck by the incomparably greater literary activity upon this side of the Channel. We cannot, however, treat the present state of things in France as likely to be of long duration. It is impossible that a nation which has produced so many men who have done great things for the world, should suffer itself to be long held in this enchanted sleep. France committed two terrible mistakes in exiling Protestantism and in smothering Jansenism. Will she turn a deaf ear to the voices which are now addressing her in the tones of a philosophy which is as reverent as it is uncompromising? Will the movement which was begun by Madame de Staël, and which is carried on so ably at the present day by the *Revue Germanique*, be all in vain? Will the steady influence which is exerted over the best minds in France by the best minds in this country produce no effect? We cannot think so. If war does not come to shut up the nations each in the circle of its own prejudices, we shall expect a new and an early spring for the intellect of France.

* Études sur la Littérature du Second Empire Français. Par W. Reymond. Berlin: Charisius. London: Williams & Norgate. 1861.

ART AND SCIENCE. THE JUNIOR ETCHING CLUB.*

AN extraordinary change has come within the last five or six years over that section of British art which deals with the illustration of books. This is, in fact, only a part of the general movement of our school of painting and design; but it is so marked in the particular department of book-illustration, especially woodcuts, as to arrest separate and distinct attention. Our illustrators have become peculiarly actual and definite, giving studies of figures, draperies, and accessories, from the life or the real objects, and setting themselves steadily to the exhibition of true effects in a broad, strong style, with vigorous lines and contours, indicative of something positive to represent, and a distinct, consistent perception of how this is to be represented. In woodcut designs—in which, as we have said, these qualities are most prominent—the leaders of the movement who have had the largest following are Mr. Millais, in the way of easy, natural study and effect, and Mr. Keene, in that of sturdy, obvious definition, involving plenty of character and observation. Some other artists might be named, each leading a subdivision of the school; but their influence, though equally practical and important, is not so widespread.

As with wood-designs, so with etchings and other works of draughtsmanship. The Junior Etching Club, which had previously appeared before the public eye, issues for the present year a series of designs in which this condition of the art is unmistakably marked, although the calibre of the work is not on the whole such as to exhibit the strongest points of the movement, or to carry it forward towards its culmination. There is, nevertheless, a very considerable amount of skill and persistent endeavour among the contributing artists, which, if added to something more of inventive or original ability, would enable them to make their mark beyond the reach of question or cavil.

The contributors may be divided into the true and accomplished artists, the pretenders, and the half-way men or aspirants. We shall speak of them in these respective classes solely according to the evidence which the volume before us supplies, though not unaware that some of the designers have, in other instances, produced works which would entail a different classification. It is only as etchers, and as etchers in this particular volume, that we shall consider them at present.

Mr. Millais, as might be expected, produces the drawing which, for design and skill combined, reflects the most credit on the club. It is called "Summer Indolence," and the chief figure, that of a girl of some seventeen years, who lies in the grass lazily pulling a stem of herbage across her teeth, is reproduced from the well-known picture of "Spring." The grass, trees, and hills, are easily and sharply, however slightly, expressed, and a great deal of sunlight is got into the picture with a mastery beyond obvious analysis.

Mr. Henry Moore contributes four etchings, of which the most entirely satisfactory is the "Dead Fallow Buck." This has brightness of touch and colour, with delicate surface-drawing, of which the antlers may be cited as an example. The remoter deer, the hills, foxglove, and other accessories, are made enough of to give this study the character of a picture. The "Moonlight," though highly wrought, has some excess of heavy black, and is not strikingly moon-like in effect. Mr. Whistler, a man with a most genuine gift for etching, sends two designs. In "The Angler" the water is liquid, the knolled distance with trees pretty, and the sky, though scratchy, has motion and recession. The figure, merely given in outline, is not solid enough for his place in the foreground. The same may be said of the "River Scene," where the foreground figure, a young man who appears to be sketching, and the man and woman in the boat in the middle distance, are mere outlines of needle-like tenuity. The landscape, however, is very rural and true; with plashy river-side vegetation, a tree-crowned bank on the further side, and the near bank excellent in rounded surface and perspective distance. The transverse lines of the sky appear to imply rain; but Mr. Whistler's use of line, with all its skill, is so arbitrary that one cannot quite answer for the intention. Mr. Oakes also contributes two designs, very strong in effect, and vivid in feeling, although in both the sky is impossibly black and violent for the effects of sun which are represented. In the more important of the two, "The Last Gleam of Day," the foam dashing over the rounded rocks, and creaming up along the sands—the latter point especially—is very well given, with a touch so vigorous as to excite some harshness and heaviness. Mr. Marks appears to great advantage in his "Study in the Egyptian Antiquities Department of the British Museum," which bears the date of 1859, and is founded upon a painting exhibited heretofore by the artist. A youthful rustic is pacing the gallery in total but uncomplaining bewilderment; his right hand in his pocket, across which the smock-frock dangles, his trowers-ends tucked up over the thick boots, his eyes wide and vacant. The goddess Pasht, with the mystic head-disk, is behind him; a monster scarabeus to his right front. The execution is neat and satisfactory in finish, the surfaces and planes of tint well made out; all, as well as the expression, without the least forcing. Five etchings attest both the industry and the delicate finish of Mr. A. J. Lewis, who stands in no need of indulgence for his position as an amateur. The "Spring Morning" and "Spring in the Meadows" are perhaps the best, and are certainly charming for careful, exact study, and clear, crisp beauty of manipulation. In the latter, the force of the foreground trees, and the flat surface-tint of those in the background, deserve notice for nice discrimination, obtained without any slurring or confusion of form. A larger subject, "The Mountain Stream," though bright and elaborate, attempts rather more than Mr. Lewis can as yet master in effect, resulting in too great a quantity of black. Mr. Keene has made many better designs than his "Scene of the Plague in London, 1665;" yet this also has superior merit. A man who may not improbably be intended for Mr. Pepys is walking straight ahead over the rounded

paving-stones, with his cloak up to his nose, as he passes a door chalked with the ominous "Lord, have mercy upon us!" Mr. Smallfield, the last etcher whom we can have the satisfaction of naming in this division, exceeds all his fellow-designers of figure-subjects in the combination of strength and completeness of finish. His figures are all domestic studies—"The Shoeblick," "The Chestnut-seller," "A Christmas Invitation," and "Supping on Horrors." The first two, and more especially the shoeblick, whose face is very delicate in grey tint, are excellently worked. The "Christmas Invitation," a small girl dressed for a juvenile party, and holding up a branch of mistletoe, is taken from one of the artist's pictures; the face unpleasing, and the figure dressy, but the surface-work delicate and decorative. "Supping on Horrors" presents a subject like some of those by Mr. William Hunt: a youth who postpones the eating of the mouthful of Melton pie upon his fork to read the book of mystery propped up against his jar of mixed pickles. His unshaded lamp sends out a halo; the shadow of his chair lies darker upon the dark wall; a cat with contracted pupils seizes upon a saucer on the table. The subject is well followed out, and cleverly executed, though the surfaces are somewhat less skilfully wrought than in the other etchings by Mr. Smallfield.

The pretenders in the ranks of the Junior Etching Club may, on the present occasion, be restricted to four in number. Of these, two bear aristocratic titles.

Lord Bury favours the public with four of the worst etchings produced or producible by the Junior Etching Club. "The Ruined Fountain" and "The Door of the Kiosk" (the latter dated 1859) have no execution in them beyond sheer pretension. In the second, one man in a sitting attitude has absolutely got nothing to sit upon; and, in both, the figures are mere Guys and dolls, blots of flat stringy black alternating, in the Kiosk, with the mere white of the paper. The "Study of a Buffalo" may look to Lord Bury very like a Rembrandt; but it is very unlike a buffalo or a study. The "Jew Pedlar, Damascus," spite of a most monstrous hand and foot, shows some dim symptoms of cleverness, which might, after a good deal of private practice, result in work fit to consort with that of other well-disposed amateurs. Lord Gerald Fitzgerald is more painstaking than Lord Bury. In "The Lovers," wherein, if we read the actions aright, a damsel is hesitating between a bridegroom and a nunnery, the group is prettily enough arranged, though there is a puerile air in the sixteenth-century costumes; but the big "Nora Creina" is a real eyesore, with blubbery lumps for feet, and no quality of art higher than what appears in the frontispieces to music sung at "the Oxford." We are sorry to have to couple with their lordships two professional artists, Mr. Gale and Mr. Sleight, the former a special offender in the illustration to Tennyson's "Sisters." Of these gentlemen we will add nothing worse than that they might both have been expected to do the club credit, instead of the reverse, and may probably succeed in doing so another year.

The remaining etchers, whom we have classed above as "half-way men or aspirants," show considerable diversity in the grades of their well-doing. As a mere draughtsman and etcher, Mr. Tenniel stands well in "War and Glory," where a woman wails over her slain knight, lying by his dead war-horse. But the design, as well as the execution with its neat hatching, wants spirit and impulse; it has no emotion. Mr. Walter Severn and Mr. Barwell both come very near the point of excellence they aim at. The former gentleman, in "Nearing Home," represents a boat-boy looking out in gratified anticipation as he approaches the shore, the long pipe held unsmoked in his hand. The composition of the figure and the boat is simple and clever, the sea very calm, and the sky full, clear, and good in the lines of surface. Mr. Barwell's subject is a "Seaboard, Norfolk Fisherman on the Look-out." This shows quiet efficiency of handling, and of light and shade; while the white sea, whose horizon-line reaches to near the top of the picture, with a few calm folds of ripple rolling steadily in, and a boat or two crossing its plane, is delightfully like the fact. But the clumsy back-view of the fisherman, with great patches deliberately displayed in the seat of his breeches, stultifies the subject and the artist; it is a piece of silliness equally gratuitous and obtuse. Mr. Lawless contributes four designs, all dated 1859. The first of these, "The Drummer," is a poor affair, sadly wanting force and poise in the hands and the left leg and foot. The outlined star in a white sky also is another instance of nonsense, as bad as Mr. Barwell's breeches. The best of the four is the "Sisters of Mercy," in a dark French cottage, rendered pleasing by the elements of the subject and the well-intentioned method of work. Mr. Rossiter sends three, two of them weak-minded enough, and as art barely tolerable. The best is the earliest, likewise dated 1859, "A Young Monkey" (i. e., boy) in a chestnut-tree, being the design of one of Mr. Rossiter's most successful oil pictures. This is sufficiently free and careful, and has an agreeable aspect. Mr. Clark, the praiseworthy domestic painter, has no qualifications for such a subject as "Hagar and Ishmael," or, if he has, he does not develop them in his present design: the "Village Grandame," dozing over her work while the single boy-pupil (perhaps "kept in") idles over a hunch of bread and butter, is more satisfactory, being in good keeping, and steadily executed, in very pale tone, up to the point intended. Mr. Clayton's "Family Group" has two pleasant figures—the mother leaning over the bed to fondle "baby," and especially the little girl three years old who presses forward to bear her share in the process. The pale shadow over these two faces is nicely managed. The girl a year older who holds the baby is much less agreeable, having an over-dressed look which, indeed, affects the group as a whole. From Mr. Whaite, a landscape-painter of eminent ability, we should doubtless have received something of much higher value had he given a bit of scenery, instead of a "Study of a Head," apparently an elderly soldier; it wants purpose in subject-matter and execution, though the latter is skilful enough. Mr. Powell, who contributes three scraps of landscape, has too much notion of being clever and spirited. In "The Rainbow," however, the drenched ground is well expressed, and the minor points of the subject, such as figures following cattle, and the chimney-smoke from the cottage, come out naturally upon inspection. "The Glen," which may probably be an Alpine bit, is not wanting in refined hill-form, and is elegantly though not very characteristically touched.

* Passages from Modern English Poets, illustrated by the Junior Etching Club. Forty-seven Etchings. Day & Son.

the tone of the Flâneur is somewhat too philosophically indifferent; but any want of feeling is amply compensated by abundance and accuracy of facts; and the Flâneur uses his eyes and ears much more effectually, because he is never moved with indignation or astonishment. This valued and imperturbable judicial faculty will probably make these pages a text-book for information on Imperial France long after Imperialism has passed away.

The Flâneur, it may be objected, gives the Emperor credit for much that is really due to general causes, independent of all forms and changes of government; to the progress of science, the facility of locomotion, the rapidity and facility of intercommunication, the silent and continuous agencies of expanding civilization. The material prosperity which France unquestionably owes to the Emperor is due to the confidence any government creates which is strong enough to keep order and enforce tranquillity; though it is alleged with truth that the advanced economical ideas of the Emperor, and his firmness and sagacity in applying them, have achieved wonders for a reluctant industry and a commerce which would fain have stuck in the old ruts of monopoly and protection.

It is when the Flâneur approaches the political and moral questions which concern the future of the Empire that his hand fails him because the moral sense is wanting. Governments in France are short-lived, and the longer they last, the more rapid is their decline and the more sudden their fall. There is no tenacity in that thin and pulverized soil; the atmosphere is fiery and withering; trees of liberty spring up in the night, tall and sapless, and perish with the morning's sun; strong fabrics of military despotism tower into the clouds, and lo! a storm arises, and they are gone. The Revolution devours its children, and whilst all its heirs, as they pass like phantoms across the stage, declare that the era of change is closed, the span of each is not a score of years.

This Imperialism which the Flâneur contemplates and admires, almost without misgiving, in the flush and fulness of its strength, is a terrible consumer of vitality; it lives hard and lives fast; it burns the wick at both ends, and in the middle too; it has no character to lose, no future to provide for, no responsibilities, no scruples, no respect, no belief; it is a fever, a riot, a debauch of desperate gamblers, who squander the savings of generations in a single night. Thus, at least, the adversaries of Imperialism depict it; and though probably it is not quite so black as it is painted by its enemies, it has certainly represented the supreme ideal of all the eminent rogues of the last ten years. The Flâneur is not precisely a disciple of Dr. Pangloss; perhaps he has not escaped the magic spell of the most delightful city in the world, or he would pause once or twice to reflect a little more deeply upon the mirage of credit which he calls increase of wealth; upon the fury of stock-jobbing which he calls prosperity; upon the prostration of intelligence and the stagnation of public spirit; the fever of luxury; the miasma of corruption; the gilded filth and decrepid frivolity of the fashionable literature; the degradation of the drama; the extraordinary increase of cowardly, ignoble, and bestial crimes; the moral and physical degeneration of the race; the decrease of the population from year to year.

The Flâneur passes lightly over these signs and symptoms, if he mentions them at all; and upon these points silence is not permissible to one who desires to "settle" our ideas about Imperialism. As a brilliant, agreeable, and informing observer of men and things we gladly accept his company; but we cannot accept him, without reservation, as a serious and entirely trustworthy witness.

A LOSS GAINED.*

JUDGED by the question,—Is it interesting? "A Loss Gained" must be pronounced to be moderately successful. It is well written, and free from diluted morality, and as the story progresses, we become conscious of a languid sympathy with the fortunes of some of the characters. The final catastrophe surprises the reader into a momentary feeling of satisfaction, at the discovery at last of something like vigour of action on the part of the wicked heroine and the addle-headed Adonis of a country town who dresses as hero. There are some pleasing bits of verse, and some amusing remarks on society. Lastly, it is possible that there may be places where life barely flows on in the stagnant dissipation here described, where no more serious problems intrude themselves than such a dull business of unromantic marriage-making, where all the men are fourth-rate, and only one woman has spirit enough even to be a flirt. There may therefore be some truthfulness in the picture. On the other hand, it fails to produce any deep impression or excite any real interest except in the mere incidents. The cause of this is not at first sight apparent, for the story, such as it is, is well managed, though it consists of nothing more than the elopement of two persons previously engaged to others. The main reason of failure seems to be that the author has not succeeded in creating or describing characters of any real depth or power. A great novel must have some of the characteristics of a great drama. In neither is it perhaps necessary that the persons should be more heroic than actual mortals, though both rise in value exactly in proportion as they are ideal. But the actors in a drama, and in a less degree those in a novel, must be to some extent typical or representative of the strength and weakness of our nature. They fail, if in their passion and thoughts we find nothing drawn to the height of our experience. Where all the springs of action are weaker than those which we feel or see, and exercised on more trifling objects, it is useless to ask us to sympathise or admire. This is the case with "A Loss Gained." The persons are distinct, but they are insipid. The character of Nora is the best instance, for she fills the largest space, is the vehicle of the verses, and the mainspring of the story from the time when she enters as the belle of the country town, fresh from school, to the time when she makes her exit as a wicked old woman to point the moral of the conclusion, as one whose success has been the worst of all possible contingencies for her, and who has consequently gained nothing but a loss. At first she seems to promise well, whilst her success in the small world of Ormiston is uncertain, and whilst the author's stock of appropriate poetic sentiment holds out. But a few weeks suffice to take off the bloom, and transform the good-tempered and buoyant, if ill-ballasted nature into a hard and selfish ambition, absorbed in the pursuit of a low and uninteresting object.

Such a transformation is unnatural in its suddenness and causelessness. Lumney, indeed, in a manner prepares the way for it:—

"She is attractive, certainly not unladylike, perhaps clever, and decidedly a remarkable girl, yet somehow I don't like her; she is not my kind—not what Luke wants, not what I want for him: she has too much power, too much will, and is something too strong for my taste—well to look at, to trifle with, but not to live with; not to marry. In whatever mould her character first casts, there it will fix and settle; and if ill, it will be very ill indeed; she will follow to the end the path chosen, whether to the right or left, and the risk is great: much danger in the chance."

But young ladies in actual life, whether possessed or not of exceptional power and will, do not change without a great deal more preparation from good to bad. If such a total absence of moral strength, such quick yielding to a temptation not very strong, are to be found really existing, they are yet not fitted to enlist our sympathies in the heroine of a novel. Weakness may be a fit subject for the novelist's art, but not the weakness of one who, though partly good, is caught without a struggle by a vulgar bait. Of the other heroines, Jane Troye, Nora's sister, is supposed to have strength and prudence, but she is unable to make any use of them. She is hardly a character at all for any important part that she plays. A sort of accidental interest attaches to Caroline Middleton from the chances of her desertion and her illness; otherwise she is a mere dummy. As for the gentleman who deserts her, and is the hero, it is not pretended that he has any qualifications beyond whiskers and a yeomanry uniform, a fine house and gardens, hot-houses and a yacht. Luke Penrose is a feeble prig, with regard to whom our only feeling is one of wonder that he had not resolution enough to rescue himself from his ignominious situation at Mr. Bradel's window by knocking down his detector. Lumney is an unfinished man of the world, a somewhat cynical bachelor, whose only mission is to play chorus and gently satirize Ormiston society. Last comes Mr. Pennet, the rich man's chaplain, who, if he has some vestiges of a character, makes up for it by being unnatural. If there are any Mr. Pennets in the Church, well-mannered, long-sighted, unscrupulous Crichtons, they are hardly to be found in the rank of curates. This is the whole list of characters, except a few lay figures in the background. Amongst them all there is not one that can enlist sympathy, or be taken as the representative of any memorable form of human thought or passion.

There is another defect which spoils much of the dialogue of "A Loss Gained," as of many other novels. Ordinary people—such as it is within the power or intention of an ordinary novelist to represent—do not in their conversation think aloud, so much as, if the expression may be allowed, feel aloud. They express incoherent and unaccountable sentiments, the result of the accidents of their tastes and habits. Yet the novelist generally makes their conversation the result of some sort of thinking, such in each case as is supposed to be appropriate to the imagined type of mind. It results that the dialogue is stilted and unnatural: it is the conscious and connected analysis of an intellect, instead of the unconscious and inartificial reflection of character. We will select two instances which will also serve as specimens of Mr. Cresswell's poetic feeling and satiric power. The first is some of Nora's conversation when she revisits the haunts of her childhood after long absence at school:—

"The Ealing indeed keeps its old tone yet," Nora answered, speaking as if to herself; "there it tinkles away to the smooth reach of the deep Orme yonder, where a fading gleam of sunset is mirrored still; and as they meet, see the brook pours all its little life away into the broad breast of the amber river, in ripples of pale gold, like the sunny ringlets of a laughing child hiding in its parent's bosom."

"But the light is going," said Jane; "see, how quickly the change comes." "Yes, already the last fan-like shafts of colour glint up into the sky; and the world is many tones more gray at once," Nora continued rapidly: "the fallows begin to seethe, and the denser air feels frosty; for winter is but a short way off, and little would tempt him back again. Hush! now it is the gloaming; hear the brook shoal more sharply, the leaves move with the coming dew, and along the sloping marsh, see the timid water-fowl steal out."

The next piece is by Lumney, the man of the world. The talk is about Mr. Bradel's engagement:—

"At the club it was the common topic. The young gentlemen of the place were in no way inclined to grieve that the Colossus which had long overshadowed them and kept down their marketable value, 'had at last made up his mind, and made away with himself,' as Slingsby said; 'there will be some enjoyment in going out once more.'"

"But there won't be any places to go to now," answered Lumney; "who cares for snap-apple when the apple is won, or only to catch such fry as you? Poor disappointed and forsaken maidens! For you, life has henceforth lost its bloom, and the world is dumb; resume again your weary sewing and your Berlin-work; practise industry and resignation, the homely virtues befitting your abandoned state; for your resource is gone. No more a fine young prince shall come prancing down the Mall, no more watching or expectation, no further need to dress or look better than anybody else, to go to balls or to church any more. Go! all of you, be nuns at once; you may as well: this foolish globe is but stuffed with sawdust; the ball has stopped rolling, the game is played out, and over, and you have lost it. Women have but a few short years to win in the grand handicap of life, Slingsby, and can't afford to draw such blanks as you out of the lottery. If you've no money in your purse, Roderigo, then let Desdemona alone: it will save both time and trouble."

"Any girl worth having doesn't care about money," answered Slingsby, languidly drawing off his gloves.

"Try to have a girl worth having, and you'll be wiser; if her own dainty fingers don't measure your purse, depend upon it she'll find a proxy to do it. Time was, perhaps, when any long-haired lotos-eater, with a full baritone voice, might have made his own terms; but the day is gone by for that, and you won't live long enough to see the fashion in again, &c."

However good these passages may be in themselves, people do not talk like this. It may be consistent with Nora's or Lumney's character that they should so write or think, but it is not consistent either with their characters or with nature that they should so talk. A novelist can hardly have a more disagreeable habit than that of emptying his fine talk, in or out of season, into the conversation of his heroes. We forbear to criticize such expressions

* A Loss Gained. By Philip Cresswell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1862.

as "the brook shoals more sharply," "the leaves move with the coming dew," because we suppose they must be taken as concessions to our principle, that people do not talk as finely or accurately as they can write.

We have said that though the characters are worthless, yet the story of "A Loss Gained" is interesting. The same narrowness of sphere which exercises so prejudicial an effect over its whole cast and tone, in another way is the indirect cause of such effectiveness as it possesses. From the small size of the canvass, attention is limited to the sequence of a few actors' fortunes, and the mind, forbidden to wander at length, accustoms itself to take a subdued and languid interest in the events of a commonplace world. How far this would hold out if subjected to the test of three volumes can only be conjectured, for Mr. Cresswell has set a good example by confining himself to one.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS AND THE CHURCH IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.*

THOSE who formerly directed the choice of our Government when it undertook historical publications, seem to have thought that nothing but dry records could be considered as documents of history; and it certainly does credit to the present Master of the Rolls that he has adopted wider and also juster notions. He has admitted that manners and sentiments; that social development; that, above all, the spread of intelligence and mental culture, are as much parts of the history of a people or of individuals, as their acts and political movements; and, influenced by such feelings, he has included in his series of "Chronicles and Memorials," a number of very valuable books which are historical chiefly by implication and indirectly. We have thus the prospect of obtaining good editions of some of the works of our great scholars of the Middle Ages, which were hitherto known only to the few whose studies led them among the unedited treasures of mediæval manuscripts. Of such books none could be more deserving of publication than the collected works of Giraldus Cambrensis.

Giraldus, who was born about 1146, and died in 1223, lived through a very interesting and important period of our annals, and in a position to bring him into immediate connection with all that was great and active among his contemporaries. He was a Welsh ecclesiastic, Welsh in blood by his mother's side, and near akin to the princes of South Wales, and to the most powerful families of the principality; while, by his father's side, he belonged to those families of Anglo-Norman heroes to whom the English crown owed the first conquest of Ireland. A man of undoubted learning and talent, his vanity, which was considerable, urged him continually to use those qualities in placing himself and his personal affairs not only before his contemporaries, but before posterity. He had, in fact, a passion for writing, and for writing about himself, and whenever he took an active part in what was going on in the world—and his activity was very extensive—he seldom failed to leave some memorial of his labours, in a durable form. Thus, his own personal disputes and troubles produced the very ostentatious work "*De gestis suis*." The exploits of his uncles and cousins in Ireland were commemorated in his history of the conquest of that island; and his "*Topography*" originated in his residence in that country. He accompanied Archbishop Baldwin in his progress through Wales to preach Cœur-de-Lion's Crusade; and the consequence was his interesting "*Itinerary*;" while, when he resolved to labour for the reform of the inferior clergy who were submitted to his direction as Archdeacon of Brecknock, he produced a volume in which he described their ignorance and corruptions, and gave them ecclesiastical instruction, to which he gave the title of "*Gemma Ecclesiastica*." It is this book which we have in the volume before us, the second of Professor Brewer's excellent edition of Giraldus's works. As its editor remarks, it is the least directly historical of any of them; but still it is far from deficient in historical interest. Giraldus appears to have possessed a social and genial disposition, and to have been especially fond of stories and anecdotes, and these he scatters with no sparing hand through all his writings. It was, indeed, the fashionable taste of the day. Between the descriptions he gives of the ignorance and corruptions of his clergy, and the anecdotes he tells in illustration of his precepts, the "*Gemma Ecclesiastica*" of Giraldus Cambrensis affords a very curious picture, in one of its points of view, of the condition of Welsh and English society in the reign of Henry II.

The inferior clergy in the time of Giraldus appear to have been very imperfectly instructed, many of them having but a most inaccurate acquaintance with the simplest elements of Latin grammar. Thus Giraldus, in this book (p. 344) tells us that he himself had heard an abbot quoting Scripture as follows:—"Quinque viros habuisti, et qui nunc habes non est tuum vir;" and the same individual, questioning a poor clergyman who had come on a begging errand, asked him, "Ubi sunt vacas tuas?" A priest, preaching and explaining the text, "Say that the Lord hath need of them," instead of *his opus habet*, read *hisopus*, and not perceiving that this would be the nominative case, translated it, "The Lord hath hyssop," adding that it was the name of a plant. Another applied to a celebrated scholar of the day, John of Cornwall, to ask who Busillis was, as he had been unable to explain it to his congregation; on which John asked him for his Missal, and showed him *in die*, at the bottom of the preceding page, which was continued at the top of the next column by *bus illis*—the ignorant monk had read *in die Busillis*, instead of *in diebus illis*. These are but a small number of the examples Giraldus has here recorded of clerical ignorance of Latin grammar. One priest paid a rather serious penalty for his bad Latin, for, seeking favour with his bishop, he went to him and intended to say, "My lord, I beg you will accept two hundred eggs;" but instead of using the proper Latin expression *ova*, he said *ducentas oves*, which meant two hundred sheep. The bishop accepted the present with thanks; but when, next day, the priest sent him two hundred fresh eggs, he refused them and compelled him to send so many sheep instead! Nor was their theological much better than their philological knowledge. One priest, Giraldus tells us, preaching to the people on the day of St. Barnabas, confounded the name Barnabas with the name of Barabbas, and told his hearers

that the saint commemorated on that day was a good and holy man, although he was a robber. Another, on the day of St. Simon and St. Jude, mistook the latter saint for Judas, and informed his audience that he was only honoured as a saint out of respect for his companion! Another priest, preaching on the woman of Canaan, and reading *mulier canina*, instead of *mulier Cananea*, explained by saying that she was a monster, half woman and half dog. And a priest, who was preaching on the two debtors, instead of "to the one he forgave five hundred, to the other fifty," read "to the one he forgave fifty, and to the other fifty," confounding *quingenta* with *quingaginta*. One of his hearers, a reeve who claimed some acquaintance with arithmetic, suggested that in this case he forgave both alike. "No," replied the priest; then perceiving the force of the objection, added, "for he gave the one sum in Angevin money, and the other in sterling."

These, with a host of other anecdotes of the same kind, recounted by Giraldus, leave no doubt of the prevalence of great ignorance among the general body of the clergy in the twelfth century, and doubtless equally in the centuries which preceded and followed, and we may remark that they explain why we find so many mediæval manuscripts, which had belonged to members of the clerical body, filled with explanations, sometimes not very correct, of very simple questions connected with Scripture and Church history. But, in spite of this ignorance, we find that there was less bigotry than we might be led to expect, and Giraldus's statements reveal to us the remarkable fact that in these so-called ages of faith there prevailed rather extensively among the clergy of the Romish Church, a strong spirit of scepticism. We seek the exemplifications, again, in his anecdotes of persons who had been miraculously punished for partaking unworthily of the sacrament of Christ's body and blood, for discussing irreverently or indiscreetly the statements of the Scriptures or the mysteries of the faith, or for not treating with due respect the relics of the saints. It is quite evident, from the statements made in this book, that the expression of the Apostle in regard to the first of these crimes was already very offensive to the consciences of many, and that there were not a few who secretly disbelieved in the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, and that sometimes they did not hesitate to express their disbelief in private. We are told of a monk of Monmouth who, though often cautioned against it by his prior, indulged in frequent and rather earnest disputes about the doctrine of the Trinity, and this openly; but, says the story, when one night this monk had been more than usually long and loud in his arguments on this subject, he found next morning that he had entirely lost his memory, which he never recovered. In some of the stories of this class, Giraldus himself lays aside his usual good sense, and shows an amount of credulity which we should hardly expect from him—perhaps not quite sincere. Such, for instance, is the story of Bernard, the priest of Brecknock,—

"who indecently winded a blast with the horn of St. Patrick, which had lately been brought over from Wales into Ireland, and had never been sounded since the death of the saint. In that very hour Bernard was struck with paralysis in the sight of the bystanders, and his mouth was drawn up to his ear. And whereas before this time he had been very fluent with his tongue, as a detractor and informer, he now lost the use of it both ways, and ever afterwards suffered from an impediment in his speech. Besides, he was attacked by lethargy, and he was so oblivious that he could not remember his own name."

We can very well understand the effect which might arise from the effort to blow a blast on a horn upon a man who was liable to paralysis, but we are not sure that in such a case we should advise the remedy which was adopted on this occasion—a pilgrimage to Ireland to the shrine of St. Patrick. Giraldus complains that in his time people were less and less afraid of excommunication; and he tells us a story which is rather oddly illustrative of the sort of doubtful respect which was shown for the ecclesiastical exorcisms, and of the imperfect belief in their efficacy. King Henry I., who was, we are told, not remarkable for his continence, kept a certain noble damsel as his mistress, and she was very desirous of bearing a child to the king. At length, by the advice of her chaplain, she was induced to hear the mass of the Sunday in Advent which begins with the words, "*Rorate celi desuper*," every day during a whole year. Then her attendant, an old lady, who acted the part of duenna, seeing that it was without effect, turned to the priest and explained in the broken Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth century, "*Rorie se rorie ne worthe nan*," which, as explained by Giraldus, seems to mean, "Your rories and ories are all of no use."

While on one side the spirit of scepticism was thus spreading itself among the clergy, the populace, and especially the peasantry, still continued to cherish a very considerable taint of their old Anglo-Saxon Paganism, from which the clergy themselves were by no means free. They took an interest in old popular observances, and often joined in popular practices which they ought to have discouraged. One of these practices, no doubt of Pagan origin, was that of dancing in the churchyards or about the church on saints' days, especially at night, to songs which are generally spoken of in the ecclesiastical canons as profane. Giraldus has preserved rather a droll story of the effects of this practice, which at the same time shows how much the attention of the parish priests, the more popular part of the clergy, was attracted by it. In a church in Worcestershire, about the time when Giraldus was writing this book, the parishioners on one occasion danced round the church all night, singing a love song, the refrain or burden of which was, "*Swete lemman, thin are*," i. e., "Sweet mistress, thy mercy," or, have mercy on me. Next morning, when the priest stood at the altar, instead of chanting, "*Dominus vobiscum*," he sang, to every body's surprise, the words, "*Swete lemman, thin are*," which had been so strongly impressed on his mind by hearing it all night as he lay in his bed that they came naturally to his lips when he opened them in the morning. The report of this circumstance soon reached the ears of the bishop, who brought the matter before synods and chapters, and prohibited this particular song from ever being sung again within the diocese of Worcester.

Another story illustrates the belief in demoniacal possession, which was strong in the Middle Ages, and people ascribed to it various mental and other diseases. It happened in Italy, in the time of Giraldus, that a knight had a wife who was jealous of him, and one day he was so much provoked by the way in which she displayed this temper, that he exclaimed, "I give your body to the devil!" The devil "immediately entered and took possession of her, and spoke by her mouth." This demon was very ready at answering ques-

* Giraldi Cambrensis *Gemma Ecclesiastica*. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. 8vo. Longmans, 1862. (Giraldi Cambrensis Opera. Vol. II.)

admits he stated "the thing which is not." He cannot deny he said "I think my noble friend is right," when he thought his noble friend was wrong. He confesses he told the House of Lords and the country that Lord John was justified in the course he had taken, and that his colleagues agreed with him in that opinion, when "it was notorious to Lord John and all his colleagues that he (Earl Grey) was far from sharing in that opinion!" The country would be justified in forming the lowest opinion of the honour and veracity of public men if such revelations frequently took place.

Poor splenetic, disappointed, neglected, isolated Earl Grey! How changed from that Lord Howick, who was at one time considered likely to lead the Liberal party in the House of Lords! How changed from that lofty and illustrious sire who shone like a star and guided the helm of the State during the tempests of 1831! The father had advocated measures more democratic than he carried; the son would have carried measures more democratic than he advocated—more democratic than he thought safe. More *doctrinaire* than Louis Philippe's most trusted Prime Minister, more bureaucratic than a French Minister of the Interior, more obstructive than Lord Derby, more carping, if not quite so malignant, as Mr. Horsman, and more querulous than Mr. B. Osborne, Lord Grey presented in 1860 a lamentable instance of the unenviable position to which a man may be brought by a crotchety disposition and unamiable temper.

Lord Grey, in 1860, opposed the motion for agreeing to the commercial treaty with France. Remembering the successful operation of the treaty, his speech on this occasion was ill calculated to increase his reputation for political foresight. He adopted the epithet "ambitious" as applied to Mr. Gladstone's Budget. He also thought the Government greatly to blame for having signed the treaty without obtaining from the French Government a formal disavowal of the intention to annex Savoy and Nice. He opposed Sir J. Trelawny's bill for the unconditional abolition of Church Rates.

Earl Grey has not of late taken a frequent part in the debates of the House of Lords. He has, however, sharply criticised the financial policy of Mr. Gladstone. After the annexation of Savoy and Nice, he declared that it would be impossible for this country, with a due regard for its own safety, to diminish its naval and military defences. Yet he attacked the Government scheme of fortifications last session. His talent for discovering objections to everything is even greater than it was in Lord Melbourne's time, and as statesmen must do something, and it is impossible to propose anything to which some objection cannot be taken, it is probable that Earl Grey will go on finding fault to the end of the chapter. He has broken with Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell, and in a Whig Ministry, therefore, he is not likely to find a place. There were rumours a session or two ago that Lord Grey was about to cross the floor, and serve under the banner of the Earl of Derby. He still, however, occupies his seat on the second bench below the gangway, on the Ministerial side, from which he seldom rises without causing much perturbation among his old friends and colleagues on the Treasury benches.

Earl Grey's place is in the front rank of the orators of the House of Lords. This high position he owes to his intellectual powers, his extensive knowledge, and indomitable perseverance. Dame Nature has been niggard enough in her gifts. His voice is hard, inflexible, and monotonous. He never stirs the blood like Lord Derby. He neither possesses the genial aspect of a Granville, nor the dignity and personal presence of an Ellenborough. His features are so unamiable in their expression when his assertions are controverted, that the Duke of Newcastle, speaking from the Treasury bench, once said to him, "The noble earl may glare at me as much as he pleases, but the fact is as I have stated." His opinions are enunciated in a hard, dogmatic manner. He is nothing if not sententious. He leaves to others the language of sentiment, and the arts which kindle emotion. His speeches, too, are unrelieved by any sparkle of wit or play of humour. His *forte* is the didactic and argumentative. His mind is both analytical and logical, and few men can hunt down a fallacy, expose an unsound constitutional dogma, or illustrate a truth of political economy, with keener zest or more masterly skill. His views are always clear and well-defined, and in some "high argument" or lucid exposition he appears to feel much of the intellectual pleasure he imparts. His friends admit that he is a strange combination of liberal ideas and aristocratic prepossessions, in which respect he resembles his father, but they add, that if he holds an isolated position it arises from the simple fact that he makes it a rule to think for himself. Independence of thought is doubtless of priceless value in a country governed by liberal institutions; and when Lord Grey's opinions cease to be distorted by personal prejudices and disappointment, the son of the man who carried the Reform Bill may render his countrymen valuable service as an acute political critic and an impartial and philosophical Mentor.

Earl Grey married, in 1832, a daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., by whom he has no issue. The heir presumptive to the title is his brother, the Hon. General Grey, for many years private secretary to the late Prince Consort.

Reviews of Books.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE ON FINANCIAL POLICY.*

THE announcement, made now some months since, of a "History of our Financial Policy for the Past Twenty Years, by Sir Stafford Northcote," naturally excited some attention. The Devonshire Baronet has been, from his entrance into public life, associated with finance, and rumour has authoritatively designated him for high office in the next Conservative Ministry. As member for Dudley, he sat as private secretary at the feet of Mr. Gladstone; and when he unsuccessfully wooed the expensive constituency of North Devon, he probably owed his failure to his connection with his Gamaliel. A short season of retirement convinced him of the error of his ways, and Stamford Town, by Burghley House, gave him an indisputable certificate of Conservatism. It is impossible not to feel a little curiosity about the views of a man who was once Mr. Gladstone's secretary, and who may shortly be a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer. What revelations may he not give

of the past! What an insight into the future! Nothing so thrills a temperance meeting as the confessions of a reclaimed drunkard, and everybody knows the unctious with which elderly ladies recall the crimes of John Newton, once a pirate, afterwards the "director" of Cowper. Our penitent can not only give us the story of the past, but he is to some extent a depository of the secrets of the future. Messrs. Saunders & Otley were wise in their generation, in their early announcement of the book they had in store for us; that announcement was, indeed, somewhat premature. Time passed by, and still the book appeared not; and, indeed, even now, when we have the precious volume in our hands, we find many references in it to a couple of missing chapters, the absence of which is apologised for in the preface. How much, we wonder, was written when "shortly" was first seen amongst the advertisements?

Before entering on an examination of Sir Stafford's subject, we must say a few words on the form of his book. Whittingham's printing and toned paper are ordinarily reserved for books of poetry and *éditions de luxe*, but we see no valid reason why the eye should not receive the delight they afford, even if we are reading a treatise on financial policy. There is an intense satisfaction in the contentment which the merely physical faculties of sight and touch receive, which naturally produces a kindliness towards the opinions we are called on to accept. We even hail the head-pieces and tail-pieces with which this volume is adorned. A foolish fancy asks their symbolical meaning: What is the grim lion staring out over the preface, at which a snail points its horns? What mean the cocky brace of birds we meet so often? Above all, who is the good little boy so industriously sawing away at Appendix B? Only when we shut the book comes a slight revulsion. It is strange that the taste which prescribed the printing within could endure the lettering at the back. In the good old times, when books were always bound after coming from the publishers, the temporary cover was immaterial; now, when all who are not *millionaires* keep their books in their original cloth, it is of importance, especially if, as sometimes happens, the outside is the only part that is looked at.

The twenty years from 1842 to 1862 give opportunity for the discussion of almost every question of finance. In 1842 Sir Robert Peel had lately entered office as the leader of a Protectionist party; in 1862 scarce a man in the House would call himself Protectionist. The conversion of a country to Free-trade has been necessarily associated with a change from indirect to direct taxation; in 1842 the Income-tax was introduced as a temporary expedient—in 1862 we accept it as an established institution; in 1842 our tariff was more crowded than that of the Federal States at this hour—in 1862 the duties on more than five hundred articles have been abolished, the duty on corn has become nominal, the duties on tea, sugar, coffee, and wine have been reduced; the excise duties on bricks, glass, paper, and hops, have been abolished; again, we have no longer a Window Duty, but we have a House Tax and a Succession Duty. The perturbations of the currency have produced in the period a Bank Charter Act, which has been twice suspended. Loans have been decreed and yet have had to be raised, and have been raised, in two or three novel forms. In spite of a long peace, there had been, in 1842, when Sir Robert Peel met Parliament, a succession of deficits which his vigorous legislation converted into a continued surplus; a miserable war, bringing in its train a taste for large armaments and a jealousy of aggression, has reduced us to our old condition; our income has been raised from little more than fifty millions to upwards of seventy, but our expenditure has so increased that though we have once more suppressed a sinking fund, postponed the payment of our debts, shortened our credits, and taken advantage of every windfall, our deficiency has in two years amounted to five millions. In 1862, no less than in 1842, there is an imperative call to set our house in order, to make up our minds whether our present expenditure is necessary, and, if we are compelled to answer the question in the affirmative, to resolve honestly to meet the obligation.

Sir Stafford Northcote's book, as far as it is a survey of the past twenty years, which after all is what it professes to be, is a very creditable performance. It is fair, candid, impartial; he is equally just to Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli, has even a good word for Sir Charles Wood, and does not omit to praise Sir George Lewis's pluck in questioning the most received theories. The narrative is lively and clear, and recalls faithfully, but without heat, the contests which almost all of us remember, and by which we were probably more or less agitated. Although Sir Stafford appears to doubt whether all the benefits usually ascribed to our Free-trade legislation have sprung from that source, he is still a Free-trader. If in the course of time we shall see him presiding at the Exchequer, we shall not have to dread insidious attempts to return to Protection. Sir Stafford Northcote is, perhaps, a model Conservative; he accepts the legislation of the past, but would be cautious and timid even when the precedents to guide his way seem most assured. We shall never find him magnifying a deficiency for the purpose of exhibiting his dexterity in providing a remedy; he would shudder at such audacity, and might even look upon it as a sinful temptation of Providence. It is possible that the House would be not ungrateful for a season of caution and repose; but, after all, there is something in the saying, that he who never made a blunder never made a discovery.

The twenty years from 1842 to 1862 appear naturally divisible into two nearly equal periods: from 1842 to the accession of the Coalition Ministry, in December, 1852, and from the latter date to the present time; the decennial recurrence of commercial crises has long been a subject of remark, and the law indicated by such phenomena is probably found influencing our national finance. The ten years from 1842 to 1852 was the period of Peel; although he did not survive to its close, it was during this interval that he began and completed his Free-trade legislation; it was a period, also, in which taxation was lightened, yet the revenue increased, and we not only paid our way, but, strange as it may now seem, reduced our debt; the amelioration of our finance enabled us to undergo, with comparatively little difficulty, deficient harvests and an Irish famine. Lord Derby's tenure of office in 1852 was too short to alter our policy, nor does it seem probable that such alteration would have taken place had that tenure been prolonged; we may now confess that Mr. Disraeli's budget carried out the principles of Free-trade, and that its rejection was less owing to the defects it undoubtedly possessed than to the invincible distrust which the House entertained of the Ministry. Mr. Gladstone's budget of 1853 stands, in some respects, midway

* Twenty Years of Financial Policy. By Sir Stafford N. Northcote, Bart., M.P. for Stamford. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1862.

between the period of frugality and the period of profusion, but it stands in history as a splendid design, the fulfilment of which has been scattered to the winds. Its most durable monument is the Succession Duty, but the scheme of taxation, of which this was to form a part, is a melancholy example of the vanity of hope. As a specimen of Sir Stafford Northcote's style, we may extract his criticism of this famous budget:—

"We miss in it the caution, which is perhaps the most striking picture of the financial plans of Sir Robert Peel; while in its place we meet with a boldness of conception, a love of effect, and a power of producing it, such as we do not find even in the remarkable budget of 1842. Yet it would be unjust to Mr. Gladstone to find fault with him on this account. When we look at the circumstances of the case, we cannot but feel that it was of the utmost importance to the financial prosperity of the country that a stand should be made against that of which Mr. Disraeli had so justly complained—the tendency of the leaders of public opinion to decry and render impossible every mode of raising the necessary revenue. . . . Nor should it be forgotten that the scheme, though bold, was founded on experience, and that Mr. Gladstone could point to the results of the past ten years in justification of many of the assumptions on which it rested. In point of fact, had not events occurred which led to a large increase of our expenditure before the arrival of 1860, his calculations would have been nearly or quite verified, that is, provided the House had abstained for the whole seven years from demanding any new remissions of taxation. His great error consisted in not making a sufficient allowance for the uncertainty of all human affairs; and perhaps in a want of sagacity to discern the signs of the times."

The Russian War and the years which have followed it have been prodigal of lessons to the financier. At the outset of the war the question whether its expenditure should be met by taxes or loans appeared for a season, but it was quickly displaced by discussions whether the loans should be raised by terminable or permanent annuities,—at the price of the day or at par. The disregard of former arrangements, the postponement of obligations, the inroads on the balances which have since happened, repeat the lesson which has often been taught in English history of the impossibility in ordinary times of preserving a surplus from a Minister and a Democratic assembly. The conscientious frugality of Sir Robert Peel and his great parliamentary power might prevail against extravagance on the one hand and the clamour of popular feeling on the other; but such men are rare; the Minister too often seizes the opportunity of a large income to carry out some expensive crotchet, and what he does not consume himself he is powerless, even if he has the wish, to defend against the assaults of his followers. The Opposition is always ready to win favour by supporting the abolition of a tax, and every discontented section has its pet impost upon which to vent its ignorant impatience.

The review of the past is, however, most useful when it affords us principles for our guidance in the future: it is here that Sir Stafford Northcote fails to help us. He does indeed express his conviction that the financial condition of the country requires us to lay aside all private and personal prejudices, and to co-operate heartily in setting right what is amiss, but no plan of co-operation is revealed to us. This may be due to the reticence of responsibility, or it may be owing to the fact that no plan has been conceived. The greatness of a statesman cannot be better tested than by the clearness with which he realises his position. The best man always knows what he is about. In our days we have had two or three examples of failure in this faculty. Men have gone pottering on in a false position, till some rude turn of fate has compelled them to discover themselves. We can all remember the outcry raised against Lord Russell for deserting his colleagues on the eve of Mr. Roebuck's Crimean motion, whereas his real fault was that he had not quitted them before. When Mr. Gladstone retired from the Coalition Ministry, the asperity of his tone on the Russian war led most men to believe that he had long disapproved of it. Some compromise must doubtless be necessary when men are working together; but in the instances we have named, the limits of compromise are surely overpast. We should be glad to believe that there has been no similar dawdling in the minds of any present Minister on the questions of to-day. Mr. Gladstone has confessed to the full his Ministerial responsibility, but who can be confident that next session he may not be found declaiming against the expenditure he now finds means to support? Is retrenchment impossible? and can our present system of taxation be permanently preserved? are inquiries which demand decisive treatment. The possibility of retrenchment is doubtless a question beyond the strict limits of finance; as Mr. Disraeli has said, expenditure depends on policy; but the financier may remind the politician that a continuous drain on our power in time of peace will leave us unable to make any new effort in war. A prudent warrior will not stand all day fully armed, so that his strength is spent before the combat begins. Some preparation is needful; but our history has constantly shown us that the best preparations are found nearly worthless in time of trial: we have always been taught by the light of experience, and we have brought to its teaching the strength which we have quietly husbanded in years of peace. But whether we retrench our expenditure or not, we must determine our future scheme of taxation. Most men are agreed that the Income-tax cannot be maintained in its present form, yet a direct tax of some kind is inevitable. It cannot be too often repeated that, even could we reduce our expenditure so far as to be able to dispense with the Income-tax, the alteration would increase rather than diminish the injustice of our fiscal system. An annual income raised mainly from the Customs and Excise, from taxes on such articles as tea, sugar, beer, spirits, and tobacco, would soon become intolerable. Some compensating impost on the richer classes must be preserved. If our statesmen are not wise in season to read the signs of the times, we may be driven perforce to the confiscation-scheme of the Liverpool Reformers.

IMPERIALISM IN FRANCE.*

THE lively author of this extremely clever, readable, and interesting book apologizes, in the Preface, for his foreign name, and his apology is that no word in the English language represents a *Flâneur*, because a *Flâneur* is neither an "idler" nor an "observer." This apology was perhaps necessary, but we cannot admit the explanation. The word *Flâneur* verily and

indeed means "idler," nothing more or less, as any frequenter of the Boulevards, moderately acquainted with the French language, knows well. It was obviously convenient to this particular *Flâneur* to interpret his style and title in a non-natural sense, in order to account to the reader for the *strenua nos exercet inertia* which, by-the-by, might have made a motto for his title-page. "Some Impressions fresh from the Spot" is a light and airy phrase for so practical and business-like a production. The phrase belongs to the literary costume of a real *Flâneur*; the book is the work of a serious and determined admirer of Imperialism.

So serious and determined is the object of the book, that we have heard it asked whether the author was not a Frenchman well versed in English habits of thought, and an adept in English prejudices and predilections. No careful reader will think so. It is much more like the laborious idleness of an Anglo-Indian official, whose sympathies are all with despotic systems of government, and whose leisure and liver are morbidly active and operose. Whoever or whatever the author may be, he has written the ablest apology for Imperialism that has yet appeared in any tongue, and he is a perfect master of the art of concealing his thoughts in language.

"Ten Years of Imperialism" are, according to all precedents of French history since the great Revolution, the annals of at least half an epoch. No government has lasted twenty years since the fountains of the great deep were opened, and the ancient monarchy disappeared in a cataclysm. But the *Flâneur* is quite unconscious of writing the history of the full growth and decline of the Second Empire. Louis Blanc's "Ten Years" of poor Louis Philippe's reign was a murderous pamphlet, which Legitimists and Bonapartists equally admired and cherished. Our *Flâneur* is a most skilful and judicious advocate. His style belongs to a disciple of Epicurus, who combines a fancy for statistics with tolerably easy morals, and a disciplined respect for the *fait accompli*. It is the style of a man who breakfasts at the Café de Foy and dines at the *Trois Frères*, and employs his afternoons in the pursuit of useful information and entertainment. His rambles are conducted in the spirit of an antiquary, a man of pleasure, an economist, and a *littérateur*; his impartiality is rigorous, and his dislike of strong opinions would qualify him for an Imperial dukedom. And the nett result of his observations and impressions is unmistakably in favour of the strong Government whose weaknesses he points out with ingenious discrimination.

The chapters in which he takes the reader through the "New Paris," the city of strategic roads and rectilinear façades—the whited sepulchre of the Revolution—and through that dear old Paris which Victor Hugo immortalizes so affectionately in "Les Misérables," are as light and yet as substantial as an *omelette soufflée*. There is nothing merely superficial in the manner; and, though loaded with details and figures, the matter is never dull. The painstaking accuracy is not more remarkable than the pleasant vivacity of the narrator. It is when the *Flâneur* describes the "Garrison and Camp," and shows how a conscript national force has been converted into a volunteer and veteran army, that we come to close quarters with the Imperial régime. In the following chapters, "Terrestrial Providence and its Drawbacks," "Terrestrial Providence and its Advantages," and the "Imperial Fertilizing System," we have a lively and exhaustive picture of a government that absorbs all the energies of the people and all the resources of the State in providing at any cost ephemeral glory and security. "Money Mania" is a perfectly genuine and authentic account of the enormous stock-jobbing operations, of which Mirès was the atoning victim. "The First of October" recounts the first days of the operation of the Commercial Treaty with this country, and contains many valuable hints for British importers, who were sadly at fault in deluging the market, at the outset, with damaged and impossible goods. "Socialism" is the heading of a chapter expounding all that the Second Empire has effected towards the reconciliation and co-operation of capital and labour. "Death and Resurrection" is a fair but somewhat roseate view of the Imperial constitution as it was amended and enlarged last year, and expresses a belief in the "beginning of a new era" of regulated liberty. "Body and Mind" is an impartially severe chapter on the decay of French literature since the Empire, concluding with a modest apology for the "sobering of the national mind" since the study of the exact sciences has increased and the taste for pure literature has declined. "Gossip" is a tolerably searching summary of the changes which France and the French people have suffered since 1848, with a conjectural estimate of the transformations which the Imperial régime has already undergone and may still be destined to pass through.

On the whole, we may without hesitation pronounce that the *Flâneur* has left no surface of Imperialism unobserved, no public work unvisited, no failings undetected, no advantages unconfessed. And the reader who has accompanied the *Flâneur* in his studies and peregrinations will certainly know more of the good and evil of the Second Empire than after weeks consumed in an English hotel in the Rue Rivoli, or the most diligent perusal all of the French newspapers can teach.

In speaking of the *Flâneur* as an "advocate" of Imperialism, we are very far from criticising his labours in a partisan or hostile spirit. This keen perception of material results, and this comparative indifference to moral considerations—an indifference, perhaps, more assumed than real—belong essentially to the travelled Englishman, who in the recesses of his soul is so convinced of the superiority of his own country that he can afford to be liberal in his admiration of the dazzling spectacle of an Imperial city transformed as by the wand of an enchanter, without disturbing his digestion by uncomfortable meditations upon "that within which passeth show." Suppose he settles in Paris, and has plenty of time on his hands: nothing more natural than that he should appoint himself an inspector-general, and constitute himself a sort of special committee to report upon the way in which this wonderful cosmopolitan caravanserai is administered; who finds the money, and how it goes; how the people are kept in order and amused, and how they live. He sets about this task with an equal and open mind; and perhaps a grain of prejudice in favour of the powers that be, and yet, with a shrewd eye for those exaggerations and deficiencies which in the character of a liberal "Opposition" it would be his duty to point out.

In the chapters concerning the Imperial system of organizing, aiding, subsidizing, or guaranteeing, all manner of enterprises which in England are speculations of private capital, there is no disposition to extenuate the cost; nor in the chapter on the Money Mania to slur over or spare the vices of a society sunk in luxury, and maddened with the lust of sudden gains. Here and there

* Ten Years of Imperialism in France. Impressions of a "Flâneur." William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1862.

United States of America, and the Continent, including the Protestants of France, Geneva, and Neuchâtel, the Waldenses of Piedmont, and the churches of Germany and Holland, attended on this occasion. It was estimated that, in America, about one in eight of the population attends a Sunday-school; and in New South Wales, about one in twelve or fourteen.

The "railway accident season," as it is called, has been begun by the returning excursion trains, from London to Burton and Leicester, jostling each other at the Market Harborough station, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. The two trains had started from King's-cross within five minutes of each other along the same line, carrying about 1,500 people between them, and the Leicester train, which was behind, chased the Burton train all the way. At Bedford the Burton train should have taken in water, but had barely time to get out of the station at one end before the Leicester train came in sight. The Burton train therefore stopped for water at Market Harborough, and was there run into by the Leicester train coming behind. One person was killed, and fifty or sixty more or less hurt.

Our trade returns for the six months ending June 30 show a total export value of £57,314,000 against £60,143,000 in the corresponding half-year of 1861, and £62,000,000 in 1860. It is to be noticed, however, that our exports to the United States are much larger than in the same period last year, being £6,449,000 against £5,433,000. Our exports to France have increased from £3,142,000 to £4,467,000. There is a falling-off in the Chinese and Indian trade.

A man condemned to death for the murder of his wife has anticipated the hangman by suicide in the gaol at Lancaster. He was a tailor named Walter Moore. Calcraft went down to Lancaster on Friday, and was to have done his office on Saturday morning; but the convict awoke very early, read a little, paced his cell in terrible agony of mind, and then contrived to suffocate himself in a pan of water in the closet. At Limerick, Walsh, who murdered Mr. Fitzgerald, was hanged on Monday. Taylor, who shot Mr. Meller, besides destroying two of his own children at Manchester, awaits his doom in Kirkdale gaol, along with the two men convicted of murdering a policeman at Ashton-under-Lyne. The Johnsons, father and son, at Queenborough, near Sheerness, have been committed for trial for the murder of William Elliott, who was found by the roadside, shot dead, five or six weeks ago. Cooper, who shot the poor girl at Isleworth, has also been committed for trial.

Mr. Ruxton, the Liverpool shipowner, who had prosecuted Jamieson, captain of one of his vessels, for attempting to extort money from him by threats of exposure, has been committed for trial on the charge of fraudulently conspiring to destroy several ships he had insured. Jamieson's evidence in one instance is, that by Ruxton's desire he set fire to the spare sails in the forehold, after steeping them with turpentine; and Ruxton expressed great delight when he heard the vessel was destroyed.

A farmer at Walditch, in Dorsetshire, Mr. Stone, has been murdered by a neighbouring farmer, named Fooks, on account of a standing quarrel between them as to their share of the parish-rates. Fooks came out of his own house while Stone was passing, and levelling a gun at him, shot him through the head. He then left the other dead, went back into the house, and tried to kill himself in the same way, but only gave himself a hideous wound.

Deaths by starvation, not in Lancashire but in London, happen now and then. A poor woman at Mile-end, with two little children, was removed from the workhouse because the guardians thought her husband could maintain her if he chose; but he failed to find employment, and she died. An old woman in St. Pancras, having no friends, was turned out of her lodging when she could not pay the rent; she lay on a door-step, then crept away and died.

Eugene Macarthy, an Irishman of respectable family connections, and author of some historical or biographical memoirs in the magazines, has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for stealing books, five years ago, out of the library of the British Museum. The discovery of this theft arose out of his conviction for bigamy, not long ago. The second lady whom he had married having left his house in Westbourne-place, when she found out that she was not his lawful wife, her brother afterwards called to search for some books and papers belonging to her, and found those which had been stolen from the Museum.

Rao Sahib, cousin of Nana Sahib, has been sentenced at Cawnpore to be hung, for assisting in the murder of the English in 1857. Nana Sahib has not been found, as was supposed; but the general opinion is that he died in concealment two years ago.

Pullinger, who committed the enormous embezzlements at the Union Bank of London, has died on his voyage to Western Australia, where his fellow-convicts Robson and Redpath are now undergoing a very mild confinement: the one sometimes writing Byronic poetry in the newspapers; while the other, Redpath, composes letters to the Governor on a scheme he has for a colonial savings bank.

Major Cooper and Mr. Broughton, two gentlemen in her Majesty's service in New Zealand, have been cashiered, with the Duke of Newcastle's approval, for demoralizing the natives by the seduction of a young girl.

The curate of St. Mary's Church, at Nottingham, the Rev. T. Cartwright, who lately came over from the Methodist New Connection, is committed for trial for uttering a forged bill of exchange for £20. The Rev. Mr. Livesey, of Sheffield, convicted of making a false entry in his register of burials, has received a pardon.

A massacre of Armenian Christians, the bishop and seventy of his flock, has been perpetrated by the fanatical Moslems at Marash, near Aleppo. Turkish troops have been sent to restore order, and the English Consul at Aleppo goes with them to inquire and report.

Four men and three women were drowned by upsetting a pleasure-boat on the Mersey last Sunday afternoon.

The Cape Colonial Legislature has rejected the scheme of Governor Wodehouse, for the annexation of British Kaffraria.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is dying, there seems no doubt, at the age of eighty-two.

Captain Sherard Osborn and Mr. Lay are busy fitting out a squadron of steam gunboats, several of them purchased from our Admiralty, for the service of the Chinese Government against the rebels.

A gentleman named Richardson, living at Charlton, near Woolwich, coming home from the City the other evening, with two bank-notes of £1,000 each and a cheque for £500 in his pocket, dropped these valuable documents in the street near Charlton Church. He got out handbills next day, offering £100 for their recovery. They had been picked up by two journeymen bakers, Joseph Barron and Richard Shepherd, who brought them safe to him, and got the reward.

The Spanish railway across the Pyrenees, from the seaport of Bilbao, on the Bay of Biscay, to the town of Miranda, on the river Ebro, sixty-six miles of most difficult mountain country, has been completed, and opened for traffic. It will bring Madrid within fourteen hours of Bilbao, and thirty-six hours of Paris.

In Spain, the Government seems to be apprehensive of some conspiracy or revolt. A proclamation has been put forth which speaks vaguely of plots already provided against; several arrests have been made, and bomb-shells, thrown by some hand unknown, explode at night in the streets of Madrid. A constitution is to be granted to the Spanish West Indies; Cuba and Porto Rico are to send deputies to the Cortes of Spain.

From Mexico, we hear that a French steamer has bombarded Campeachy, but it was driven off. The British Minister has protested against the violence of Almonte, whom the French support, at Vera Cruz. Four thousand more French troops have arrived from Martinique.

MEN OF MARK.—No. LV.

THE RIGHT HON. EARL GREY.

HENRY GEORGE, third Earl Grey, is the eldest son of the great Whig statesman who carried the Reform Bill. He was born at Howick House, Dec. 28, 1802, received a private education under the parental roof, and in due time entered himself of Trinity College, Cambridge. The malformation of a limb prevented him from sharing, except to a limited extent, in athletic sports and exercises, and he devoted himself from an early age to political studies and the practice of oratory. Macaulay was one of his college friends, and it was young Viscount Howick's report of his extraordinary talents to his father, repeated by the late Earl Grey to Lord Brougham, that induced the latter to write to Macaulay's father a well-known epistle, abounding in valuable suggestions for young Macaulay's improvement in the art of public speaking. That Lord Howick profited by the stores of experience and observation accumulated by Lord Brougham, and so generously proffered to the son of Zachary Macaulay, cannot be doubted. The young Whig scion had also in the lofty and animated eloquence of his illustrious father an admirable model for imitation. In his historical and constitutional studies he could not have had a more wise or more enlightened political Mentor.

Lord Howick entered Parliament in his twenty-fourth year as member for Winchelsea—a rotten borough since swept away by Schedule A. When the second Earl Grey was called upon to form a Ministry in 1830, it was natural that a place should be found for Viscount Howick. He made his *début* in official life as Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, his chief being Viscount Goderich, afterwards Earl of Ripon. Lord Howick was now a young Whig-Radical nobleman of great promise, who applied himself sedulously to the details of his department. He early distinguished himself, however, by a disposition to think for himself, which might one day develop itself into originality, but which was just as likely to degenerate into crotchiness and impracticability. Thus, when Lord Stanley, after carrying Irish National Education and reforming the Irish Church, was brought to the Colonial Office, in order to bring in a bill for emancipating slaves in the West Indies, and provide a compensation of £20,000,000 to the planters, Viscount Howick objected to Lord Stanley's plan. He had a scheme of his own for complete emancipation, refused to carry out Lord Stanley's, and resigned his Under-Secretaryship. The son of a Prime Minister does not injure his political prospects by a little insubordination, and in 1834 he was for a few months Under Secretary for the Home Department. In this capacity he incurred some unpopularity by defending the conviction of the Dorchester labourers. Six agricultural labourers had been convicted and sentenced to seven years' transportation for being members of an illegal society, and taking illegal oaths. Meetings were held in London, Birmingham, and other large towns, to petition the Crown in their favour. Lord Howick, in the House of Commons, denied that the convicts were ignorant men, since two of them were Methodist preachers. He also asserted that the documents found on them showed that Government had been enabled to deal with the ringleaders of a body that, if not checked in its career, would have proceeded to a mischievous extent.

In July, 1834, Earl Grey resigned, and in November the Melbourne Ministry were dismissed. Sir R. Peel made an unsuccessful attempt to carry on the Government, and on his resignation William IV. again sent for Earl Grey, who declined the task of forming a new Administration. The king was thus reluctantly thrown back on Lord Melbourne, who completed his Ministry out of his former materials, the chief alterations being the incorporation of Lord Howick in the Cabinet, and the omission of Lords Brougham and Althorp (Earl Spencer). Lord Howick now filled the office of Secretary at War. He took a prominent part in the defence of the Government, and replied to Sir R. Peel's question, whether his Majesty's Ministers were prepared to make the corporations of Ireland, as Mr. O'Connell had said, "normal schools for peaceful agitation." Lord Howick's retort was declared by the Radicals of that day to be "in the most manly spirit and the best sense." He said he believed the Irish corporations would be "normal schools," "not of agitation, but of teaching the people of Ireland the right use of the powers of self-government." Lord Howick's army estimates did not escape the censure of Mr. Hume and the Radicals. In 1836 his estimates showed a reduction of charges, the number of men to be maintained, exclusive of those in the East Indies, being only 81,319. Mr. Hume, however, moved a reduction of 5,000 men, which was negatived by 136 to 43 votes. Sir W. Molesworth next moved that the Foot Guards be put, in respect to pay, on the same footing as infantry of the line, which would effect a saving of £9,000 a year. This amendment was rejected by 217 against 43.

In the disputed question of parliamentary privilege arising out of the case of Stockdale v. Hansard, Lord Howick, as the heir to an earldom, gracefully

stood forward to defend the privileges of the House of Commons. On the 30th May, 1837, he moved resolutions to the following effect:—

"That the power of publishing the proceedings of the House is essential to its functions; that it is the sole judge of the extent of its privileges, and that therefore it was a breach of privilege to bring any action upon them before any Court or tribunal; and finally, that it was a contempt of Parliament for any such Court or tribunal to assume to decide such matter of privilege."

These resolutions were passed by 126 to 26 votes. The House was reluctant, however, to act upon them; and when there appeared to be no probability of a discontinuance of vexatious actions, a bill was introduced and obtained the royal assent, by which proceedings are to be stayed upon proof that publication has been ordered by either House of Parliament.

At the general election of 1841, Lord Howick felt the Conservative re-action, and suffered the mortification of losing his seat for North Northumberland. His father had represented the county from 1786 until he was called to the Upper House in 1807, and Lord Howick was returned for the northern division of the county from 1832 to 1841, when he was supplanted by an unknown local candidate of Conservative politics. He obtained a seat for Sunderland in September, 1841, on Mr. Alderman Thompson leaving the borough in order to stand for Westmoreland, and represented the borough until his elevation to the peerage on his father's death in July, 1845.

Lord Howick bore an honourable and prominent part in the Corn Law agitation. On the meeting of Parliament in 1843, he moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the distress of the country. At this period he favoured a half-way house measure of relief—something between the Whig 8s. fixed duty and a total repeal of the Corn Law. Mr. Gladstone replied to Lord Howick, declaring that if Sir R. Peel, as he had been charged, halted between two opinions, the noble lord was no better. On the fifth night of the adjourned debate, Sir Robert Peel, amid the frantic yells of his followers, charged Mr. Cobden with having invoked the assassin's hand against him. On the division the numbers were—for Lord Howick's motion 191, against it 306. In the April following, Lord Howick ably supported Mr. Ricardo's motion, that England ought not to postpone the remission of her import duties, with a view to negotiations for reciprocity. In May, Lord Howick voted for Mr. Villiers' motion for the immediate abolition of the Corn Laws. He said he was prepared to support total and immediate repeal, if he could not establish a fixed duty of 4s. or 5s. a quarter. Lord Howick was in advance of his party, for Lord J. Russell at this time adhered to his 8s. fixed duty, in a manner that declared he would be obstinate as long as he could. In 1844, Lord Howick again supported Mr. Villiers' annual motion in a speech replete with sound principles, and confidence in their practical and immediate application. In 1845, he spoke in favour of Mr. Cobden's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the causes of agricultural distress. Later in the session he defended the Free-trade policy contained in some resolutions moved by Lord J. Russell, at the same time avowing that he went far beyond Lord John, and that the system of restriction "which took the bread out of the mouths of the labouring classes ought to be completely abandoned."

In July, 1845, Viscount Howick (now to be spoken of as Earl Grey) was removed from the House of Commons by his father's death, and his own succession to the peerage. He brought a high reputation to the House of Lords. His talent for debate had been perfected in the House of Commons, where he had crossed swords with Sir R. Peel, had listened to the fiery eloquence of Lord Stanley with partial and discriminating admiration, had put lance in rest in defence of O'Connell, and had held his own against Mr. Hume and the economists. He had studied political economy with an ardour and success unusual among the Whig noblemen of his time, and he had thrown himself, heart and soul, into the Free-trade contest. The *Morning Chronicle* doubted whether his prelections on questions of political economy had been surpassed since the days of Burke. On the other hand, his temper was said to be by no means conciliatory. Lord Granville, in 1861, told the House of Lords that when he was young in political life, he recollected a common rumour to have prevailed in the London clubs that Lord Howick objected to every measure proposed by the Cabinet of Lord Melbourne. Lord Granville also tells an anecdote of Lord Melbourne, who, on one occasion, asked his disputatious Secretary at War to set down in writing his objections to a particular measure then under the consideration of the Cabinet. Lord Howick declined; whereupon Lord Melbourne, rubbing his hands, said:—"Now you have no one to object to but yourself, you cannot get on!"

Earl Grey had scarcely taken his seat before he had an opportunity of showing his crotchety temper. But for him the Whigs would, in all probability, have added to their laurels the abolition of the Corn Laws. Lord John Russell was summoned from Edinburgh, in December, 1845, to form an Administration. He applied to his friends and former colleagues. They all, with one exception, tendered their assistance. Earl Grey declined to enter the new cabinet if Viscount Palmerston returned to the Foreign Office. We have since seen that a Liberal Cabinet can get on better without Lord Grey than Lord Palmerston. Lord John was, however, weak enough to consider Lord Grey's zealous aid and co-operation as absolutely necessary to the stability of his administration, and he wrote to her Majesty to state that, in consequence of Earl Grey's refusal, he "must now consider that task as hopeless which had been from the beginning hazardous." Sir Robert Peel was again sent for, and carried the abolition of the Corn Laws. If the Whig party can ever forgive Lord Grey for robbing them of this immortal chaplet, the noble earl, one would think, can scarcely forgive himself, because a few months afterwards the differences between himself and Lord Palmerston were patched up. Earl Grey took the Colonial Office in July, 1846, and Lord Palmerston, at the same time, resumed the Seals of the Foreign Office.

Earl Grey's colonial administration was anything but popular. Lord Palmerston did not show half so much talent for "keeping open all vital questions and dangerous controversies" in foreign affairs, as his colleague in the Cabinet evinced in the Colonial Office. Before long he had quarrelled with almost every important colony of the British Crown. It was remarked that he always had the best of the argument on paper, but that he never convinced any of the colonists. He manufactured constitutions for the colonies, which they hastened to repudiate. In 1848 he conveyed a hasty

and unqualified approval of the severe and sanguinary measures resorted to by Lord Torrington to put down the insurrection in Ceylon. Mr. Hume gave notice of a motion for 1850, condemnatory both of Lord Torrington and Lord Grey. Mr. H. Baillie, in 1851, called upon the House of Commons to declare that the punishments inflicted were arbitrary and uncalled for, and that the conduct of Lord Grey, in signifying her Majesty's approbation of the conduct of Lord Torrington during and subsequent to the disturbances, "was precipitate and injudicious, tending to establish precedents of rigour and severity in the Government of her Majesty's foreign possessions, and injurious to the character of this country for justice and humanity." Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and the Free-traders, absented themselves from the division, on the ground that the cause of Free-trade would have been jeopardized by the defeat of the Ministry, and Mr. Baillie's motion was defeated. The Caffre war broke out, the attempt of Lord Grey to make a convict settlement of the Cape of Good Hope created an anti-British feeling, and the colonists manifested an abundant want of confidence in the Secretary of the Colonies. Earl Grey finished up by recalling Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith from the government of the Cape, in a despatch which was to the last degree arrogant, overbearing, and ungentlemanly. Its tone was, indeed, most unworthy of an English nobleman. And this was the Minister who objected to Lord Palmerston as an unconciliatory and quarrelsome colleague!

The Whigs went out, Lord Derby succeeded them, and had scarcely kissed hands before Lord Grey launched a diatribe at the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, declaring that if he were an Irishman he would never sit down content with it. People rubbed their eyes, and asked whether Lord Grey had not been a member of every Whig Ministry since Lord Stanley had carried a measure of Irish Church Reform? Some were indignant at hearing these fulminations against the Irish Church from a Minister who had held his tongue on the subject since 1846, but whose indignation at these unreformed abuses revived within a month after finding himself in Opposition. The noble earl took a prominent part in opposition to Lord Derby's Administration of 1852. In 1853 he published a work in two volumes, entitled "The Colonial Policy of Lord J. Russell's Administration," in which he vindicated his colonial administration against the ill-judged and unreasonable opposition of the colonists.

Lord Grey was not invited to join the Coalition Government of Lord Aberdeen. Lord Palmerston generously forgave his refusal to sit in the same Cabinet with him in 1845, and it is understood he might have been the first Secretary of State for War in 1855. Lord Grey declined. He did not consider the war with Russia entirely just and necessary, and developed his peculiar views in a long speech. He was equally singular in his views on the existence of the Derby Government in 1858-9. In February, 1858, he published an essay on "Parliamentary Government," which, it was remarked, might have been inspired by the Council of State in France. No wonder that Lord Derby was disappointed at the refusal of the author of this essay, in 1858, to take office under him. In 1859 Earl Grey explained his views in opposition to Lord John Russell's resolution against the Derbyite Reform Bill, in a letter addressed to "my dear Elcho," which excited some ridicule, and certainly made no converts.

When Lord J. Russell's Reform Bill was introduced in 1860, Earl Grey moved in the House of Lords for a select committee to inquire into the number of voters likely to be enfranchised under the proposed Reform Bill. The noble earl now came out in a new character. He who was once called the "young Radical lord" told the House of Lords that so long ago as 1852 he protested, as a member of Lord John's Cabinet, against the indiscretion of his chief in saying that the time had come for a new Reform Bill. This revelation was elicited by a speech from the Duke of Argyll, who reminded their lordships that Earl Grey was a member of Lord J. Russell's Cabinet which in 1852 proposed a bill to reduce the borough franchise to a £5 rating—the proposal of the bill of 1861 being for a £6 rating. Lord Grey appeared to have been under an apprehension that some such remark would be made, and had obtained her Majesty's permission to refer to what took place in the Cabinet at that period. Earl Grey now assured their lordships that three or four years before 1852 Lord J. Russell, "without any previous concert or communication with his colleagues," committed himself by expressing an opinion that the time was come when a change ought to be made in the measure of 1832. That announcement was not approved of by any (or at least by more than one or two) members of the Cabinet. "It had my most entire disapproval," said Lord Grey,—"a feeling which I did not attempt to conceal, as Lord J. Russell can testify." In 1852 the Reform Bill was submitted by Lord John to his Cabinet. "For my own part," said Earl Grey in 1861, "I never approved it. I thought it open to the gravest objection." Why then did Earl Grey remain a member of the Cabinet? "He felt sure that the Government were on the eve of falling, and he thought it would not be right to run away from his post when the principal attacks against the Government were directed against his own colonial administration." Thus "being persuaded that the bill had not the remotest chance of passing, I acquiesced in its introduction." The bill failed, and, added Lord Grey, "I will say unreservedly, that it deserved to fail!"

Lord J. Russell, in the House of Commons, formally denied the statement that he had declared his intention of re-opening the subject of Parliamentary Reform without the knowledge or consent of his colleagues. Earl Grey demanded an explanation, which Lord John could not refuse to give, and the correspondence, of course, found its way into the public papers. Considering the virtuous, not to say Pharisaic, indignation with which Lord Grey, in moving for his Committee, had recited instances of the low morality and wide-spread corruption of the great American democracy, the noble earl did not come out of this correspondence with very clean hands. His illustrations had wanted, indeed, one vivid example of political dishonesty. If he could have shown any instance of an American statesman having held office when a measure that he thought in the last degree dangerous and unwise was brought in by a Cabinet of which he was a member—if, more than this, such a statesman had publicly asserted in his place in the Senate, and on his character as a public man, that a certain vitally important measure was well-timed and judicious, when his opinion all the time was that it was ill-timed and injudicious,—then he would have given the world an example of political turpitude in high places such as heralds the downfall of states. Lord John ruthlessly convicted his former colleague, out of *Hansard*, of this great offence against honesty and truth, and Earl Grey had nothing to reply. He

undergone by those who aspire to rise above their fellows. The great merit of the book is its never-failing freshness; though published nearly thirty years ago it is even now as fresh and as full of life as the year when it issued from the press. German bath life is hit off with marvellous skill and dexterity. The portraits rival in many cases the minuteness and the finish of the photographer. The quaintness and the respectful formality of the local doctor, the homeliness and the phlegmatic demeanour of the patients, whether walking up and down at a heavy, measured, and lumbering pace, and crawling through that narrow portion of their existence which lies between one glass of mineral water and another, or slowly and solemnly picking their way over the rough streets to the one o'clock dinner, with no greediness in their looks,—not licking their lips, and not even showing any signs of appetite at all, but going silently along with the full intention of placidly consuming at their dinner an enormous quantity of provisions,—these scenes, and other similar ones, familiar to all who have spent any time at the German baths, are delineated with irresistible humour. A great change, it may be, perhaps, for the worse, will have passed over German life and character when the pictures of them, as given in the "Bubbles," shall have ceased to be true and real.

Thirty years have altered but little the face and the appearance of things at Schwalbach and Schlangenbad. Many new houses have been built, but the accommodation is barely sufficient to supply the demand at the fullest period of the year. Visitors who arrive about the middle of July or the beginning of August have the greatest difficulty in finding apartments, and are often obliged to wander about from house to house in search of them, and are sometimes even forced to give up the attempt and to return whence they came. Of the two places Schwalbach is much the larger and the more populous, but its population is small and almost fixed, so that from year to year few new houses are required. The season is too short to induce persons to spend money in building new houses for the accommodation of visitors, so that the increase of them in numbers is very gradual, for the return for the money expended on them is dependent solely on the profits derived from the visitors.

Richly as the duchy of Nassau has been endowed by nature with many of her choicest gifts, she possesses no greater treasure than the fountains of Schwalbach. Substitutes may be found for the waters of Seltzer, that delicious luxury which is drunk in every quarter of the globe, but Schwalbach stands unrivalled in the world for chalybeate waters. The quantity of carbonic acid gas which they contain renders them more easy to be digested and assimilated by weak and delicate stomachs than other iron waters, and gives them that lightness, briskness, and pungency to the taste which makes them an agreeable beverage even for persons in good health. The whole of the Taunus range of mountains and the valleys which lie at their base seem to be underlain by one of Nature's great laboratories for the manufacture of this important chemical product. The presence of this gas in large quantities distinguishes the mineral waters of this district from those which are found in other places, and tends most materially to increase their efficiency in cases of debility of the digestive organs.

The fountains of Schwalbach can boast of a history and a large reputation; unlike Homburg, which, in the matter of waters, is a mere upstart and a *parvenu*, the springs of Schwalbach have been famous for nearly three hundred years. Their virtues were known to the peasants of the neighbourhood at an even earlier date. The benefit which a brother of the Elector of Mayence and the Bishop of Spire derived from the use of them in the year 1568, established their fame in Germany. From the middle of the seventeenth to that of the eighteenth century, Schwalbach was one of the most fashionable watering-places in Europe, and was resorted to by princes, counts, and other distinguished personages. The French occupation, during the revolutionary wars, was for a time, disastrous to the place, but with the peace of 1815 its fame revived. The springs amount to ten in number, all within a short distance of each other, but only four of them are made use of, and of these four one is employed solely for bathing purposes. Of the other three the Paulinenbrunnen was, at the time of Sir Francis Head's visit, the fashionable spring; it had been discovered but a short time before, and had in its favour the recommendation of novelty. Fickle fashion has, however, veered round, and time, that impartial judge and leveller of unsubstantial reputations, has given its verdict against the pretensions of the Pauline. The Weinbrunnen has been restored to the position which it had held long before the discovery of its sister spring, and the Pauline is now used almost solely for bathing purposes. The prejudices of Dr. Fenner have been falsified, and Dr. Stritter's opinions have been confirmed. The Jews have been shown to be right, as Sir F. Head shrewdly suspected they were likely to be. Local gossip says that the drinkers of the Pauline are at present only two in number, both of them English ladies. Many persons drink the Stahlbrunnen in preference to the Weinbrunnen. As its name indicates, its ferruginous properties are stronger, and the amount of free carbonic acid gas which it contains makes it, in the opinion of many persons, a water more agreeable to the taste. The Weinbrunnen, however, is more suitable for delicate stomachs, and is the water which is generally drunk by invalids. The proportions of the bi-carbonates of soda, lime, and magnesia are much larger in its waters than in those of the other well, and render it a better corrective of acidity. It is this peculiar combination of qualities which constitutes the excellence of the Weinbrunnen; in the amount of ferruginous constituents it is inferior not only to the Stahlbrunnen, but also to the Pouhon at Spa, the waters of

Pyrmont, and other springs; in other properties it is also surpassed by other springs, but, taken as a whole, the Weinbrunnen is generally found to be more beneficial to persons in delicate health than any other known spring. In diseases of the digestive, the mucous, and the muscular systems, long experience has shown it to be peculiarly efficacious. It is not the strength of its chalybeate properties which renders an iron water suitable for invigorating a debilitated system. The difference in the amount of iron in the blood of a healthy and of a sick person is but small, and that deficiency is more likely to be replaced by a water which agrees with the wants of the animal constitution, than by the more copious use of a stronger water which cannot be so easily assimilated. As health depends not on the amount but the nourishing character of the food which is consumed, so it is not to be regained, when lost, by the application of strong remedies, but only by the use of those medicines which suit the cravings and wants of the system. The freshness and salubrity of the mountain air of Schwalbach act as a most powerful aid to the waters in imparting strength to a debilitated constitution. The pureness of the air is very perceptible to all who go there either from Ems or Wiesbaden. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are numerous, many of them are extremely pretty and interesting, and there are many places within an easy distance by carriage which will well repay a visit. Schwalbach may be reached either from Wiesbaden, from Nassau, or from Eltville, a station on the railway from Rudesheim to Wiesbaden. Persons coming up the Rhine should leave the railway at Eltville, and hire a carriage there. The distance is about eight miles, and the drive is a charming one. Schlangenbad is about half way between Eltville and Schwalbach. The valley in which it lies, shut in and backed by lofty and well-wooded hills, is most picturesquely situated. Schlangenbad stands at a somewhat higher elevation than Schwalbach, being about 900 feet above the level of the sea, and 670 feet above that of the Rhine. The place is dependent on the baths solely for its support, and the number of its inhabitants does not amount to more than 250. The walks about the place are very numerous, and are all very beautiful. Many delightful excursions may be made to places in the neighbourhood, and the magnificence of the view from Rauenthal is celebrated all over Rhineland. As a bath, Schlangenbad dates from the end of the seventeenth century; and like Schwalbach, it enjoyed a great reputation during the early part of the following century. Even at that time the waters were sent in bottles to many sovereign princes to be used as a cosmetic. At present three thousand bottles are, on an average, despatched every year for that purpose to Berlin, Petersburg, and Moscow. Unlike the waters of Schwalbach, which are cold, being about the temperature of 50° Fahrenheit, and have to be heated when used as baths, the springs of Schlangenbad are warm. The chief springs are eight in number, and they vary in temperature from 81° to 90° Fahrenheit. The different bathing-houses are supplied from different springs. The waters of them all have in common the property of being extremely clear and transparent, with a slightly blueish tint; they are quite free from any odour, have a very soft taste, which is by no means disagreeable, and are very soft and almost greasy to the touch. The chief chemical element in the water is sodium, which is found in them as a carbonate, as a phosphate, and as a chlorate, the last being the largest. Potash, lime, and magnesia, are the chief constituents, next to the sodium. Other chemical properties are also found, but in smaller quantities. The extreme softness of the water is due to the sodium. The inhabitants of the place use the water for cooking and domestic purposes, and its excellence for making tea is well known to all visitors.

It was formerly the fashion to drink these waters; they were considered as very efficacious in fevers, inflammatory attacks, and other maladies, but few persons now are desired to drink them, though occasionally the local doctors consider them as beneficial, when taken internally, in certain affections of the mucous, the vascular, and the secretive systems. Their title to European fame now rests on their use in the bath. All who have had the privilege of enjoying this delicious luxury will allow that Sir Francis Head's description is not exaggerated, and that the remark which he heard a Frenchman make, that a bath of these waters makes a man feel in love with himself, has some title to truth. It is to the presence of the sodium in them that are due those great detergent qualities which render them so efficacious in cleansing and purifying the skin. A hard and dry skin is rendered soft and pliable to the towel, evaporation and perspiration are promoted, and the circulation of the blood, from being sluggish and imperfect, is improved and quickened. This action of the skin enables the system to throw off in many cases local congestions and affections of the great organs of the body, such as the heart and the liver; in cases of the abnormal action of the former of these two organs, the baths are often found of great benefit. The calming and sedative influence of these waters renders them also very efficacious in the various diseases of the nervous system, such as neuralgia, hysteria, and hypochondria. Many Russian families are to be met with every year at Schlangenbad. The baths have for a long time enjoyed a great reputation among the ladies of that country. English visitors are not nearly so numerous there as at Schwalbach. English ladies have much better skins, and much clearer and more rosy complexions than the Russians. This may perhaps be considered the reason why Russians come from such a distance to these baths, and are more numerous than the English. The Kurlist, at Schlangenbad, contains every year many names of the very highest Russian families. To persons in search of excitement, life at either Schwalbach or Schlangenbad will seem monotonous. The business and the talk of all are centred in the waters;

drinking and bathing are the chief objects of life; there is no other place for seeing the world in, than the public walks, no rooms at which the visitors can meet, and no croupiers to juggle them out of their money. A band of music plays twice a day, for two hours each time—at Schwalbach at drinking-hours,—but the band is not of the best. Another drawback, and a much more serious one, is that the food is by no means above exception. A little less of the iron and carbonic acid in the springs, and somewhat better food, would possibly effect more cures than the present order of things. It is, however, just possible that the inferiority of the food may lead to moderation—that great secret of health—and may be consequently less of a disadvantage than it appears to be. The common hour for dining is one, the national hour at which Germans dine. Most persons at Schwalbach and Schlangenbad dine at this hour. The price of dinner is very moderate, and does not amount to more than two shillings of English money. Much as the quality of the dinner may be found fault with, the smallness of the price must not be left out of sight. The people of Schwalbach are for the most part very civil, and most desirous to please and to oblige. Complaints are sometimes made of the incivility of hotel-keepers, and the crowds of lodging-houses. This may happen in any part of the world, but those who have travelled much in Germany must admit that it occurs less there than in any part of the world. The Germans, when treated with consideration, are an amiable and obliging people. The Taunus Hotel at Schwalbach can be recommended confidently to all who desire to meet with clean rooms and a civil and obliging landlord. The most important person at that hotel at the present moment is a friend and a relative of the landlord, who assists him in the management of the hotel. He has won a title to fame by having been present at the famous battle and retreat of Bull's Run. He was a lieutenant in the Federal army, but having been, fortunately for himself, wounded on that occasion, he could retire with credit and honour from the scene of action. He speaks English with fluency, but his accent is strange.

Persons should be warned against placing much confidence in *Bradshaw's Continental Guide*, a book which has a great sale. On the subject of Schwalbach it speaks as if there were two places of that name possessing chalybeate waters, one of them four miles distant from the other. There is, however, only one, and its proper name in German is Langen-Schwalbach, a name given to it from its great length. The book is full of similar inaccuracies. A much more serious fault, however, in the book is that no hotels are mentioned with approbation except those which appear in the advertisement-sheet at the end. Many, therefore, of the best hotels on the Continent are not even mentioned. To take an instance, out of many, the best hotel at Ems is well known to all visitors of that place to be the Hotel d'Angleterre. *Bradshaw* does not even mention its name. This omission does not, it is to be feared, arise from ignorance, for Mr. Bekker, the civil, respectable, and most obliging landlord of that hotel, was some years ago visited by a person who represented himself to be *Bradshaw's* agent, and who informed him that unless he consented to advertise in *Bradshaw*, his hotel would not be recommended. To his credit he declined; the agent (if he was an agent) seems to have kept his word, and the best hotel at Ems is not even mentioned.

The season at Schwalbach and Schlangenbad may be said to close about the end of August. Visitors, however, are to be found there for the first ten days, and even up to the middle of September. From the high elevation of the place, the mornings and evenings soon become very cold, though the days are both fine and warm. Visitors from Wiesbaden and Frankfurt will not find the days too cold even in the beginning of October. Quiet, peaceful, and monotonous as they are, Schwalbach and Schlangenbad are well worthy of a visit by all who can take pleasure in a beautiful drive, and can enjoy the scenery of a luxuriant though at the same time highland country. One of the delicious baths of Schlangenbad ought itself to be worthy of the pilgrimage. Though one alone may not be sufficient to cure all the ills of the agitated and fussy Englishman, it will give him a good scouring after all the dust and heat to which he has been subjected on the railways, and no soap is necessary, so he need not take it with him; Schlangenbad water will wash clean either him or his clothes without any other adjunct than its own intrinsic virtues.

THE PAST WEEK.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS has delivered a long Message to the Confederate Congress. He talks of the patriotic devotion of the Southern people and army. The Northerners, he says, have, with a malignity engendered by their defeat, violated the rights of humanity and the usages of civilized war. He refers to the atrocious proclamations of certain military commandants, and he recommends that punishment be sternly inflicted on those "murderers and felons" who, disgracing the profession of arms, make this war the excuse for committing monstrous crimes. He regrets that the law of general enrolment, and the new rules uniformly established for all troops of the Southern Confederacy, have been exposed to unfavourable criticism, by which their efficiency has been somewhat impaired. It is most urgent, he remarks, to secure the thorough co-operation of the State Governments with the Confederate Government. With regard to finance, he observes that the credit of the Confederate securities is unimpaired, and that it is fully justified by the smallness of accumulated debt, notwithstanding the magnitude of the military operations. An increased issue of Treasury notes is proposed, with a provision for converting them into bonds to bear eight per cent. interest. He believes no further enrolment of men will be required, but if necessary, the conscription may be extended to persons between thirty-five and forty-five years of age. Among the bills laid before Congress is one for an export

duty of twenty per cent. on cotton and tobacco; another for retaliating on Federal prisoners the treatment experienced by the Confederates; another for dealing with negroes taken in arms, who are to be returned to their masters or sold, and their officers, when captured, to be hung or shot. The military situation in America is discussed in our first page.

Garibaldi, it was said last week, had crossed the narrow straits from Sicily to Calabria, and had gone up into the mountains, finding himself shut out of Reggio, and the roads closed against him by the King of Italy's troops. He has since been made prisoner, and carried off to a distant part of the kingdom. General Cialdini, from his head-quarters at Reggio, sent a force of eighteen hundred Piedmontese, chiefly Bersaglieri, with two battalions of the line, under the Genoese Colonel Pallavicino, formerly a leader of volunteers, to arrest Garibaldi in the mountains. They found him posted in a very strong position at Aspromonte, with about two thousand of his followers. He was apprised of the royal decree against him, and was summoned to surrender. He refused, and the fight commenced. It is stated that, after the first exchange of fire, all the Garibaldians, except some three hundred, attempted to run away, but were captured instantly, since the royal soldiers, coming up the hill by three different paths, had quite stopped every avenue of escape. Garibaldi, with those remaining to him, kept up an obstinate resistance for an hour or two. It is said that twelve of the king's troops were killed, and nearly two hundred wounded. Garibaldi himself got a bullet in the right ankle, and a laceration or bruise of the left thigh. His son Menotti received a bayonet wound. After a sharp struggle he was forced to surrender at discretion. He asked to be placed on board an English vessel and sent to America; but Cialdini, having telegraphed for instructions to the Government at Turin, was ordered to put him on board the frigate *Duca di Genova*, and send him to Varignano, in the Gulf of Spezia, where he is now. Though strictly guarded, he is treated with much respect and indulgence. Two medical men have been attending to his wounds, which seem to be slighter than was at first supposed; the bullet was easily extracted from his foot. Mordini and Fabrizi, who are, like Garibaldi himself, members of the Chamber of Deputies, have been arrested, as well as Bentivegna, Alberto Mario, and his wife, Jessie Meriton White Mario, as accomplices in the Garibaldian insurrection. It was announced that Garibaldi would be tried by the Italian Senate, but the latest report is, that the Italian Government will suspend the prosecution, and perhaps grant a general amnesty to the rebels. The Government has taken advice of an extraordinary Council, which includes Massimo d'Azeglio, Minghetti, Farini, Tecchio, and others of the highest political and personal character. It is expected that the Chamber of Deputies will be convoked on the 15th inst.

The Queen has gone to Germany. She arrived at Windsor from Balmoral on Saturday morning, and visited the tombs of her mother and her husband. On Monday she went to Woolwich, with her five young children, and embarked in the royal yacht *Fairy*, which took her over to Antwerp. She landed there, after a rough passage, at four in the afternoon, and was received that evening by King Leopold at his palace of Lacken, near Brussels. Earl Russell is the Minister of State in attendance on Her Majesty at present. The Crown Prince of Denmark, father of the intended bride of our Prince of Wales, is at Brussels just now.

Lord Palmerston has been visiting Nottingham this week.

For the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent, Mr. Beresford Hope is the Liberal-Conservative candidate, with a programme which includes the speedy recognition of the Southern Confederacy, while the Radical favourite is Mr. Sergeant Shree; but Mr. H. R. Grenfell is supported by the more influential Liberals; Mr. S. Pope, a barrister, connected with the "Maine Law Alliance," is also in the field.

Mr. Andrew Stuart, the Conservative member for Cambridge, has resigned, because, as a good Protestant Churchman, he is disgusted with Mr. Disraeli's support of the Pope at Rome. Mr. Shafto Adair, who formerly held the seat, is the Liberal candidate again.

The Earl of Derby and Lord Stanley have assisted in laying the foundation-stone of a new Town-hall at Preston, where they have large estates. At the same time the annual celebration of the Preston Guild, with solemn rites and public festivities, despite the temporary sufferings of the factory people, took place. There was a great review of volunteers by General Sir James Scarlett, on Preston Moor. Lord Derby also presided there at the dinner of the North-Lancashire Agricultural Society on Wednesday. Lord Derby spoke of the Queen's affliction, of her sympathy with her afflicted subjects, and of the promising youth and intended marriage of the Prince of Wales. He likewise spoke of tile drainage, long and short horned cattle, reaping-machines, and sewage manure.

Mr. Henley, with Colonels North, Fane, and Cartwright, all members of Parliament, spoke one after another at an agricultural dinner at the Red Lion at Banbury; but their speeches turned chiefly on the national defences, of which nothing new was to be said.

Lord John Manners has made a speech on a similar occasion at Leicester. Talking of the distress of our cotton manufacturers, he remarked that a few years ago, when the Irish famine happened, it was denounced as an insensate folly that the people should rely exclusively on potatoes for their food. He would now ask why should the toiling population of Lancashire be solely dependent on cotton? Two other materials, flax and wool, produced in abundance by British and Irish farmers, might be worked up in such quantities as to render us in a great measure independent of American cotton for the staple of our trade.

The "United Kingdom Alliance," formed at Manchester to agitate for what is called "the Maine Law," for the total prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks, has been holding in London an "International Temperance and Prohibition Convention," concluding with a large public meeting in Exeter Hall. Sir Walter Trevelyan, Mr. Wilfred Lawson, M.P. for Carlisle, and Mr. George Thompson, with several well-known temperance lecturers, Dissenting ministers, and members of the Society of Friends, took part in the proceedings. Baron de Lynden and Judge Heemskirk, of Holland, with Judge Marshall, and one or two Presbyterian ministers from America, represented foreign sympathy with the movement.

A Sunday School Convention has been held in London this week, and on Tuesday evening there was a public meeting at the Mansion House, at which Alderman Abbiss took the chair. Ministers and leading members of various evangelical churches, not only from distant parts of England, but from the

be said that, since his election as President, he has ever made, or, at all events, ever persevered in a practical mistake, though he has had to deal with unprecedented difficulties.

The fact that success in practical politics depends almost entirely on the exertion of the judgment, and hardly at all on the more showy qualities, explains their exceedingly commonplace appearance. To a casual observer, Parliament, in almost all its moods, appears one of the most disappointing and tiresome objects in the world. It is no easy matter to bring the mind to understand the fact that such a prosaic uninteresting body is really engaged in governing a great nation; that the disjointed, ill-expressed, and ungrammatical observations, which are made there, are entitled to any considerable attention. Probably Sir E. Lytton was perfectly right in saying that the first impression of any clever and fluent youth would be, that if he had a seat he would do the thing much better. Probably he would think just the same if he went into a court of law and heard the barristers speak; and in either case he could be undeceived only by learning what are the real difficulties to be dealt with, and by learning practically the distinction between the comparative ease of making a clever remark on a given subject, and the extreme difficulty of making the particular observation which is best calculated to produce the required effect.

The distinction between practical political knowledge and mere impressions or opinions about politics suggests the further question how the one is to be turned into the other, how a man who wishes to be a real politician and to have, not merely a general interest in public affairs, but some individual influence over them, is to do so? This is by no means an easy task—at least in this country. Matters are so arranged amongst us that large numbers of men highly qualified in some ways for political pursuits are practically excluded from them. Probably there is no class of men in the country who are politically more insignificant than the members of liberal professions and other educated men of the same social standing, who live in London and other large towns. When Mr. Edwin James sat for Marylebone, he numbered amongst his constituents several thousand gentlemen (many of them members of his own profession) who would just as soon have asked their footmen to dinner as their representative. Probably, in point of talent, education, character, and all that is implied in the word respectability, large numbers of these persons were entitled to consider themselves on a level with any class of the community, yet not one in five hundred had the faintest shadow of political power, the most remote prospect of obtaining it, or, in all probability, the practical knowledge which would enable them to use it to advantage. If the five and twenty most influential politicians in Marylebone were collected together, a considerable proportion of them would be found to be publicans, and though in most points they would be like all other publicans, the probability is that their practical knowledge of politics would be far greater than that of the average run of professional men. Like all other practical pursuits, politics can be learnt only by practice. In order to know what voters or members of parliament will do in their respective capacities, it is absolutely necessary to know them personally, to talk with them freely, and to ground conclusions as to their conduct not on general reflections or on reading, but on direct personal knowledge. A person who wishes to acquire the particular art and knowledge which belongs to practical politicians, ought to talk about the details of politics as a matter of business with men who make it their business to know them. The opportunity of doing this occurs to a very small number of people, and from the nature of the case this must be so; no conceivable political change can alter this state of things. The number of persons who can take a direct part in the government of the country must be small, whatever the constitution of the country may be. It is quite as small in America as it is elsewhere, and the practical management of national affairs is there as well as here in the hands of a small class of persons, who make politics a profession.

As this state of things is inevitable, there is no use in complaining of it; but to complain would be unwise as well as useless. Many people seem to be possessed with the notion that if they are not wronged they are at least degraded, by being excluded from the practical government of the country. This is a great mistake. Not only is political life a profession, like another, but in the present state of things it is by no means the best or highest of professions. It may be defined as the profession of translating into express and definite forms the unexpressed convictions of the public at large upon public questions. This is the highest point that a politician can reach, and most of those who embrace the profession stop far short of it. It is no doubt a necessary and highly important function, but it is certainly not entitled to that extraordinary importance which so many persons attach to it. Here and there, perhaps once in a generation, a statesman has the opportunity of doing something really great, and of taking a resolution which affects the welfare of his own country, and even of considerable sections of the human race for a great length of time. Louis Napoleon, Count Cavour, the Emperor of Russia, Lord Canning during the Indian mutiny, were in positions of this kind; and if a man of genius were to show himself in America, he would no doubt find, in the present state of affairs there, an opportunity of the same kind; but these are the rare exceptions—the great prizes in a profession which contains a vast quantity of blanks, and a considerable number of small prizes. There is nothing particularly seductive in the prospect of being a politician of the third or fourth rate. Success in any liberal profession, or even in business, is a much better thing. Sir Astley Cooper's career in life was a

much more satisfactory one than Lord Ripon's; yet Lord Ripon was Prime Minister long enough to swear by, and Sir Astley Cooper's political opinions were matter of perfect indifference to every human creature, himself included.

The fact that political life is a profession, and that it is by no means a better profession than many others which are usually less highly esteemed, explains why the politicians in such a country as this are generally of a higher character than they are in new countries such as America. Every profession must be paid. In a country like ours, professional politicians can afford to be paid in honour, occupation, and character. There is a mass of accumulated capital: there are numbers of wealthy and energetic men who must have employment. In a country like America the fortunes are to be made. Wealth is more distributed, and those who are fond of literature and leisure come to Europe to indulge their fancy. The consequence is, that in England political life attracts the ablest and most high-minded men in the country, and has few attractions for mere adventurers. In America the opposite is the case, and we see the consequences.

FRENCH CRIMINAL PROCEDURE.

ENGLISH newspapers occasionally contain detached portions of remarkable French trials, which are read rather from the interest belonging to the facts or persons involved in them, than from a desire to become acquainted with the French method of criminal procedure; but we have thought it might be interesting, at any rate to some of our readers, if we were to set before them as a whole what that procedure is; and we are enabled to do this by the report of a competent witness who has recently been present at two trials in France which exhibit, in a very strong light, the peculiarities of the French system.

Trial by jury in France is a very different thing from what it is in England, not only in respect of the peculiarities of their law of evidence, but in respect also of the functions and relative position of judge, jury, prosecutor, and defender.

A judge in France is very far removed from that supreme and Olympian character of power and repose which properly belongs to the judge in England. This is partly owing to the economy or parsimony of the state which obliges him to do many things for which in England subordinate officers are provided, such for instance as calling over himself the list of the jury and drawing their names from the ballot-box; but what chiefly detracts from the dignity and authority of the French judge is, that he has sitting beside him a Public Prosecutor dressed in the same judicial robes, claiming equality or more than equality with him, and repudiating his control in the management of the prosecution, and in the questions which he may put to a witness.

The Public Prosecutor in France is an officer not only of a very peculiar but of a very multifarious character. In the first place, it is his business, when a crime has been brought to his notice, to set at work and to direct the detective machinery of the police. Secondly, he directs and controls the committing magistrate, *Juge d'Instruction*, and in some cases may act for him. Thirdly, he, by himself or his substitutes, gets up the case as attorney for the prosecution. Fourthly, he acts as counsel for the prosecution at the trial. Fifthly, he has to see to the execution of the sentence. The result of all this combination of functions is to place the Public Prosecutor in a position of personal antagonism to the accused, to make him at least feel a personal interest in the success of the accusation which he has got up, and of which he vouches for the truth; and it is this probably which explains, though it cannot excuse, the appearance of bitter animosity, the strain of violent invective, in the French speeches for the prosecution, which, though they may occasionally remind the classical hearer of the philippics of Cicero or Demosthenes, are on that very account only the more repugnant to the moral sense of Englishmen. The defender, or prisoner's counsel, is altogether on a different level, not only as to his place in the court, but as to his rights as an advocate. He has no power of putting a question to a witness, except through the presiding judge; and this is a power which quite depends upon the permission of the judge, and which would be speedily cut short if the advocate attempted to use it for the purpose of cross-examining a witness as he is examined in England by the counsel for the prisoner. But in one point the accused in France has an advantage which does not belong to him in England,—his advocate is, in all cases, whether he calls witnesses or not, entitled to the last word, and after he has done, the accused may also speak for himself; nor is he ever allowed to be undefended.

But the great difference between a French trial and one in England is in respect of the evidence, which in France may include the past history and present character, not only of the prisoner, but of his family, the reports of the neighbourhood, and *facts relevant and important but imperfectly proved*, all of which are with us excluded, so far as they can be excluded from the knowledge of an English jury; but the difference is still more in the mode and time in which the evidence, such as it is, is taken in each country.

In England a man is really tried upon the oral evidence produced for the first time in the presence and hearing of himself and the jury. In France he is really tried upon the evidence previously taken out of court, not in his presence, and of course not in that of the jury. This evidence, which has been all put down in writing, and which is communicated to the prisoner or his counsel some few days before the trial, is the evidence in the case, except so far as it is corrected or modified or enlarged by the oral deposition of the

same witnesses on the trial. For though each witness is again examined in court, yet this is done in a hasty and cursory manner, at least what would appear so to us; nor is it the practice to take any note of the evidence in court, except where it differs from the previous statement, in which case the "Greffier" is required to make a minute of it.

The result of all this is, that the trial in court is little else but a rehearsing of the previous trial, or rather previous trials out of court, one of them before the Public Prosecutor and the *Juge d'Instruction*, the other before the *Chambre des mises en accusation*, which is a committee of the court performing the functions, or rather supplying the place of a grand jury, the members of which committee are properly debarred from sitting as judges upon the trial.

We have said nothing as yet of the greatest peculiarity of the French criminal procedure as compared with ours, and this is the examination of the prisoner. If this were only done in open court, and by the judge himself, and if it were done, as the language of the French code suggests, rather with the intention of giving the prisoner an opportunity of explanation, than with that of extorting an admission from him,—there would be little, perhaps nothing, to be said against the practice; but the examination of the prisoner in France is something very different from this. It is conducted out of court by the Public Prosecutor, or by his instrument, the *Juge de Paix*, and it is assisted by a pressure of which the public know nothing, and which the prisoner's counsel would not be allowed to inquire into or to criticise, for it is the act of a public functionary; but, in spite of the mystery that surrounds this private dealing with the prisoner, we do know that prolonged imprisonment and solitary confinement are part of the means resorted to to obtain confessions, and we do know that such confessions are occasionally false. In the town in which our informant's observations were made, a woman had some months before been condemned, upon her own admission, for the murder of her father, with extenuating circumstances, and proceedings were about to be taken by the Public Prosecutor to relieve her from an unjust sentence. The course of proceeding in such a case is worthy of notice as a specimen of legal formalism. The first step would be to put upon his trial the supposed real murderer; upon his conviction and judgment the Court of Cassation would annul both the latter judgment and that against the daughter, as inconsistent with each other; the real criminal would then be tried again, though probably this would not be done in the present instance, as he was under sentence of death for another murder.

In addition to all the means of proof, or grounds of presumption before described, the presiding judge is invested with a discretionary power "to adopt any measures for the discovery of the truth," the only limit to that discretion being that he must not examine upon oath the near relations of the prisoner, if the prisoner objects to it. This, however, is virtually evaded, by the judge, in the exercise of his discretion, examining them upon what we should call the *voire dire*, with no other restriction upon the use of this evidence but a direction to the jury that they are to take it only as *information*; the French word is *renseignemens*. With such a confused mass of evidence, and so put before them as it is, and with so little help either from judge or counsel in sifting it, it is not to be wondered at that a French jury, though superior in position and education to the petty jury in England, should be much inferior to them in that which is the great office of a jury—patient and searching inquiry into facts. It is in all cases a weakness of the French to be hasty in the assumption of facts, and the French mode of trial indulges to the utmost this weakness in their juries, and we suspect that the discussion in the French jury-room turns very much less upon the question whether the accused is guilty or not, than upon the punishment which he deserves, which the French law, to a certain extent, leaves it to the jury to determine, by allowing them to add to their verdict of guilty the allegation of extenuating circumstances, of which the legal effect is to reduce the penalty by one degree on the scale. The general result of all that we have said is, that the French mode of trial, though less fair than ours, is also less efficacious.

The truth of the foregoing observations is, we think, strongly illustrated by the two trials for murder to which we referred in the beginning of this article. The first trial was for a murder committed ten years ago upon two ladies, mother and daughter, who lived by themselves with a maid-servant, and who were murdered one evening by pistol-shots and other injuries, their servant being at the same time knocked down, and threatened and maltreated. The prisoner, at least the chief prisoner, was a relation, who, together with his father, was heir to the murdered persons. It was proved that he had been away from home that night, that he had endeavoured to conceal his being so, that he had been seen walking in the dusk towards the scene of the murder, that he had seemed on that occasion to avoid recognition, that his blouse or smock-frock was bloody the next day, and that he or his mother had given it to wash, that he had endeavoured to account for this blood in an unsatisfactory way. Such was the state of the evidence ten years ago upon which he was kept eleven months in prison, and then discharged without trial, the Public Prosecutor not thinking himself sure of a conviction. But he still kept his eye upon the prisoner, and had recently discovered, through the confession of a convict at Cayenne (who was brought over and tried at the same time), that the convict had bought pistols for the accused prisoner for the avowed purpose of the murder, one of which pistols was found in the home of the murdered women and another on the way between that and the home of the prisoner, and both were identified by the seller; and it was

further proved, by the evidence of the accomplice and also that of others, that the chief prisoner had sent him at different times money at Toulon, and had sought to conceal his doing so. Besides this, there was a great deal of purely French evidence as to the character of the prisoner and his father, as to the expression of wishes by the latter for the death of his relations, as to his saying to his son that a man like him could do it in ten minutes (it being supposed, though not proved, that this referred to the murder), and it was further proved that the father had offered money to one of the witnesses to set fire to somebody's barn. Setting aside all this and more French evidence, there was, we think, enough—enough to have led to a conviction in England; but the prisoner, who was a strong-minded man, had admitted nothing, except once sending money to the convict, who was an old companion. He was eloquently defended, though without that sifting of the evidence which it was in some parts open to, and the result was an acquittal, perhaps owing to the lapse of time which had brought the trial very near to the period at which the French law gives immunity to all crimes, that is, ten years from their commission.

The second trial is a still more remarkable exemplification of French pleading as well as French evidence.

In this case three prisoners, A, B, and C, were tried together upon one indictment, or "*acte d'accusation*," by which A and B were charged, *first*, with stealing corn from a granary; *secondly*, with stealing money in a dwelling-house in the day-time; *thirdly*, with breaking in and robbery in another dwelling-house in the night-time; *fourthly*, with breaking in the same dwelling-house on another occasion, and when interrupted in their plunder murdering the owner; and then, still by the same *acte d'accusation*, A and C were charged, *first*, with stealing bread in a baker's shop; *secondly*, with robbery and attempt to murder in another place. The evidence of the offences in the first list consisted almost entirely in the admissions of the prisoners, by which each of them, while admitting their co-operation in some shape, imputed to the other the principal or most active share in the commission of the crime; but in the case of murder, there was further medical evidence that at least two instruments or weapons must have been used upon the victim.

The prosecution was conducted by the Procureur-General in person, who pressed for a conviction with a rhetorical vehemence and with an exaggeration of statement which in an English Court is never now exhibited, except for the defence. The whole six offences were put together to the jury, subdivided into fifty-eight questions, and the result was that A was found guilty of all, without extenuating circumstances, and therefore made liable to death without hope of pardon; B was found guilty of all laid to his charge, with extenuating circumstances as to the murder, and was therefore liable only to the *travaux forcés* for life; so also was C, which in this case was thought a severe sentence, and to be probably beyond the intention of the jury, who might well be confused by the multitude of questions put to them, though the subdivision of each complex act into its component parts is intended for the purpose of simplification.

If the latter trial had been in England, A would certainly have escaped, unless he had volunteered the admissions which were extorted from him in France, we know not how; and the two trials contrasted together exhibit in a strong light the advantage which the French system gives to the strong-minded, and therefore more dangerous criminal, over the weaker one, and, what is of more consequence, it shows the difficulty which the prosecution lies under when it cannot succeed in obtaining the usual assistance of at least a partial admission.

It may be we go too far in rejecting, or rather in discountenancing, all such admissions, and also in excluding from the knowledge of the jury, so far as we can, some circumstances which yet have an influence upon our own private judgment, but if we do err, we err on the right side. We have a right at any rate to think that we know better than our modern imitators what a trial by jury should be, and that to give that appellation to the proceedings which have just been described is hardly a less abuse of a great name than it would be to call the French empire a constitutional monarchy.

SCHWALBACH AND SCHLANGENBAD.

THE baths of Schwalbach and Schlangenbad have for a long time enjoyed a high reputation in Germany, but they were almost unknown to English doctors and English travellers until the publication of Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau." His humorous, but at the same time faithful, sketches of German bath life, as it strikes the eye of a stranger, secured for the book at once a wide circulation in England, and brought these places into fashion. During his visit the author fell in with none of his countrymen, but numbers of English visitors are now to be found at both these places every year during the months of July and August. The inhabitants of these secluded highland spots may well feel grateful to the man whose pen has been the means of scattering among them showers of gold. The intrinsic merits of the waters and the celebrity which they had acquired in Germany would, without any doubt, have brought them into vogue with English invalids long ere this time, but the acquisition of reputation, even by the most deserving, whether they be waters or men, is generally a question of time, and is not to be attained either in a day or a season. The "Bubbles," however, established at once the fame of Schwalbach and Schlangenbad in England, and spared them many of the struggles and disappointments which must usually be

The preface to the volume points out that the Club has, on the present occasion, changed its plan from the illustration of one particular author to the adoption of hints as they happen to come, whether from Nature itself or from literature, the artists aiming sometimes, in the latter case, only at conveying the sentiment of a passage in lieu of directly illustrating it. The poems and poetical extracts which accompany the designs are not always of the first quality; but they have been selected from a wider and less hackneyed range of reading than is usual in cases of this kind, and add, on the whole, to the pleasure derivable from an inspection of the volume.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THERE are some chemical processes which do not excite so much surprise at their being successful as they puzzle persons to find out why they were ever attempted. Several discoveries which are now of great commercial importance have owed their origin to the fact of a workman, almost if not quite ignorant of the elements of chemical science, getting an apparently absurd idea into his head and trying an experiment which any person with a knowledge of chemical science would pronounce to be simply ridiculous. After a discovery is made in this manner, science is quite ready with an explanation of the whole affair, and generally succeeds in showing that what has happened was the most natural thing in the world, and that under the circumstances nothing else could, would, should, or ought to happen. The annals of manufacturing industry can supply many instances of this kind; indeed we have heard one maker of an article in great demand admit that the secret of his success was entirely owing to his former ignorance of chemistry: an accident which no scientific man could by any possibility fall into led him to the desired result, and he would defy all the chemists in England to find out his secret. The danger is that the comparatively few cases of this sort in which rule of thumb has outstripped inductive reasoning may be looked upon as the bulk instead of an insignificant percentage of the benefits which art owes to science.

One of the most recent instances of an important industrial discovery being made by the pertinacity of a manufacturer ignorant of the most simple rules of chemistry getting an idea into his head and then going to a chemist to carry it out, is given by an improvement lately made in the preparation of pure alumina and aluminate of baryta for industrial purposes. The earth alumina in many cases acts the part of an acid, and in this capacity will combine with the alkalies and alkaline earths forming aluminates. The alkaline compounds are soluble in water, but every chemist who knew anything of the subject would of course say that the aluminates of baryta, lime, magnesia, &c., were insoluble. The problem which M. Gaudin had to solve was to separate baryta from chloride of barium, by the action of aqueous vapours; owing to the fusibility of chloride of barium, calcined alumina had to be mixed with it, in order to act as a support from which the baryta was to be separated by boiling water. The well known property of alumina of acting the part of an acid was at once suggested as an obstacle to this reaction taking place; but M. Gaudin was induced to try it, when, to his surprise, he found that his preconceived chemical ideas were erroneous. Aqueous vapour was passed through a granular mixture of alumina and chloride of barium heated to redness, when an abundant disengagement of hydrochloric acid took place, and upon treating the fritt with boiling water and filtering, a colourless, limpid, and highly alkaline liquid was produced; this at first sight was supposed to be baryta, but it was soon found, much to the surprise of chemists, that it was a solution of aluminate of baryta, which must therefore be classed amongst soluble instead of insoluble compounds.

The experiment, although perfectly satisfactory, having turned out in this unexpected manner, the next step was to find a less expensive compound from which to obtain the baryta; after several experiments, it was found that a mixture of sulphate of baryta, Provençal ferruginous alumina, and charcoal, previously submitted to the action of aqueous vapour in excess, could be used with perfect success. The fritt, treated by boiling water, also produced a limpid colourless solution, yielding no indications of impurity of any sort, and containing nothing but alumina and baryta. The sulphuric acid from the sulphate of baryta is carried away in the form of sulphur, sulphide of carbon, sulphurous acid, and sulphuretted hydrogen; crystallized sulphur being often deposited in the receiver, together with a large quantity of milky-looking water, in fact, a real milk of sulphur. The value of this process, commercially, is very great, nearly every one of the products being applicable to useful purposes; the milk of sulphur contains no alkali or any other impurity, and can be used both in medicine, and for agricultural purposes in the place of flour of sulphur, its action being more energetic. From the solution of aluminate of baryta the baryta may be precipitated by sulphuric acid added in proper proportion, and the product being treated with any desired acid, will yield a perfectly pure salt of alumina, a product not easy to be obtained at present, owing to the difficulty of getting hydrate of alumina free from alkali. The baryta in the soluble aluminate may be obtained free from alumina by adding milk of lime to the solution; insoluble aluminate of lime is precipitated whilst the pure baryta remains in solution.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

COMET II. 1862.

THE following observations of this beautiful object, by Professor Challis, of Cambridge, will be read with great interest:—

Sir,—You will oblige me much by the publication in your journal of a few sketches of physical appearances of the comet now conspicuous to the naked eye, a short distance from the pole. They were taken with the Northumberland telescope of the Cambridge Observatory, which was kindly placed at my disposal for the purpose by Professor Adams. My object in these sketches is to exhibit the larger features of the comet's head and coma, and to represent changes of a very remarkable kind which they have undergone. High magnifying powers were not used, and no attempt has been made to delineate the minutiae of the

phenomena. It is to be understood that in all the sketches the comet is drawn as seen in an inverting telescope, and that the upper and the lower boundaries of the field of view are in the directions of parallels of declination, the upper being towards the pole of the heavens.



FIG. 1.—Aug. 7.

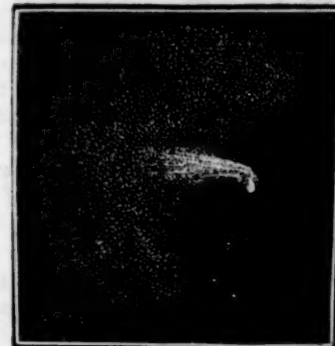


FIG. 2.—Aug. 18.



FIG. 3.—Aug. 18.



FIG. 4.—Aug. 19.



FIG. 5.—Aug. 22.

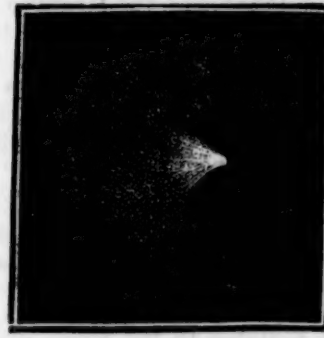


FIG. 6.—Aug. 29.

August 7, 11h.—The first sketch (Fig. 1) was taken in considerable moon-light, and the coma was consequently not well seen. The magnifying power used was 160. The bright central portion of the coma, approaching in form to a sector, was remarkable for its very sharp cusp (indicative, probably, of a very small solid nucleus), and for the unequal distribution of the light on the two sides of the axis, the branch on the right side being very small compared to the other. The cusp was turned towards the sun, and the axis of the sector coincided apparently with the axis of the tail. The visible length of the tail was only a few degrees, and the border on the right side of the field was rather the brighter.

August 18, 11½h.—In the interval between Aug. 7 and Aug. 18, during which, on account of cloudy weather and moonlight, I did not observe the comet, the bright sector had been converted into the singular appearance represented in the second sketch (Fig. 2). The light immediately about the nucleus was bluish and confused, but occasional glimpses of a sharp bright centre were caught. The offshoot towards the left hand was considerably brighter than the surrounding coma. Its upper boundary was straight, and inclined about 5° from the parallel of declination downwards, while the lower was curved and more irregular. As the axis of the tail was inclined not more than 35° from the circle of declination (as exhibited in Fig. 3), the offshoot must have deviated 60° at least from the position directly opposite the tail. Beneath and towards the right of the nucleus there were two comparatively dark bays, the coma being much brighter in the opposite quarters. These observations were made with a magnifying power of 215. Fig. 3 represents the head and tail as seen with a magnifying power of 18 in the finder of the Northumberland telescope. The unequal distribution of the brightness of the coma about the central part was far from being conspicuous, although there was perceptible deficiency on the right side. There was a minimum of brightness about the part connecting the head and the tail, especially on the right side, giving a curved shape to the apparent boundary on that side. This form closely resembles that presented in the same telescope by the Great Comet of 1861, on July 15th and 23rd.

August 19, 10h.—In the course of twenty-four hours the appearance of the central brightness had completely changed, as will be seen by a comparison of Figs. 2 and 4. It had resumed the cusp form, and the edge on the left side looking from the cusp was now straight, the opposite one being curved; but there was still an excess of coma towards the left-hand side of the field. On measuring, with exactness, the direction of the axis of the cusp, I found it inclined upwards from the parallel of declination by very nearly 35°. Consequently, the change of direction from that of the offshoot of the preceding night was 40°. Looking into the Finder, I was immediately struck with the great change of direction of the tail, the estimated inclination to the circle of declination being 50°, whereas, on the 18th, I thought it could not be so much as 35°. On calculating what these angles should be on the supposition that the tail is in the direction of the prolongation of the radius-vector, I found 49½° and 56½°. The difference of these angles is so much less than the observed change of the angular position of the tail, and the angles themselves are so much greater than the noted angles, that it may, with much probability, be concluded that contemporaneously with the remarkable changes going on about the nucleus, the direction of the tail was also changing abnormally. It may also be noticed that the direction of the axis of the sector, according to the measure given above, is almost exactly opposite to the calculated direction of the axis of the tail at the same time.

In the Finder the head and tail presented nearly the same appearance as on the 18th, excepting that the coma had become considerably brighter and more equally diffused about the nucleus. There was the same defect of brightness at

the part joining the head and tail, and the right-hand border of the tail was observed to be rather the brighter. To the naked eye the comet appears as bright as a star of the third magnitude, but the tail is by no means conspicuous; and it may be regarded as a distinguishing character of this body, that with so bright a nucleus it exhibits so small a development of tail.

Aug. 22, 10h. The central brightness had taken the curved shape represented in Fig. 5. A tangent to the convex side, close to the cusp, coincided by measurement very nearly with the equatorial direction; and the angle of position of the axis of the tail, reckoned from the lower part of the circle of declination towards the right hand, being at the same time by estimation 70° , it follows that the axis of the cusp deviated 20° from opposition to the tail. No remarkable change of appearance was observable in the Finder, except a general increase of brightness. The upper boundary of the tail was brighter than the lower. On this day, as on all the other days, except Aug. 7, the magnifying power used was 215.

August 23, 104h.—On this night the cusp was not so sharp as on August 22, and the central brightness was less curved and more diffused. By measurement, the tangent to the cusp on the convex side was inclined downwards from the parallel of declination by 12° ; and the angle of position of the axis of the tail being estimated at 75° , it appears that the deviation from opposition to the tail had increased to 27° . The night was not favourable for observations.

August 29, 11h.—Absence from Cambridge prevented my having another telescopic view till this night. The appearance had changed to that represented in Fig. 6, the brightness contiguous to the cusp having assumed nearly the fan shape which is ordinarily exhibited by comets. The upper boundary was, however, slightly convex, and the lower slightly concave, and somewhat the brighter. The angle made by the two boundaries at the cusp was about 50° . The angle of position of the axis of the fan was, by careful measurement, 83° , and the direction of the axis of the tail, by estimation, 80° . The fan was thus very nearly opposite the tail, as is usually the case. I found, by calculation, on the supposition that the tail is in the direction of the prolongation of the radius-vector, that the angle of position should be $89\frac{1}{2}^\circ$. As before, the actual angle falls short of the theoretical.

The above statements and delineations may suffice to give an idea of the principal phenomena of this comet. The greatest peculiarity was the continual oscillation backwards and forwards of the bright sector attached to the nucleus, which, I am informed, went on in the interval from the 23rd to the 29th. It is remarkable that the direction in no case deviated from opposition to the tail towards the right hand, but always within the limit of about 60° towards the left hand. The comet appears to have attained its maximum brightness on the 27th. It is now diminishing in brightness, and losing its peculiarities.

Cambridge, Sept. 1, 1862.

J. CHALLIS.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT ATHENS.—The labours of the Prussian expedition are still being continued with remarkable success, the magnificent theatre day by day exhibits more and more of its fine proportions, and new finds of architectural fragments, statues, and inscriptions, aid in restoring its most interesting details. Amongst the inscriptions found in the latest excavations is one on the base of a statue to the comic poet, Menander, assigning its workmanship to the two sons of the famous Praxiteles. The names of three other poets are read on neighbouring pedestals—Dionysios, Diomedes, and Q. Pompeius Capiton—the latter an hitherto unknown name. Two decrees of Macedonian date concerning the celebration of religious fêtes are preserved on one stone.

A cast of the throne of Bacchus, alluded to in our former notice, has been sent to Paris by M. Daveluy. The sculptures are finely preserved, and the warriors in Assyrian costume, and the griffins, are very conspicuous objects.

NEW BRITISH SNAKE.—Amongst the recent additions to the living collection of reptiles in the Zoological Society's Gardens in the Regent's-park, is a specimen of the smooth snake of the Continent (*Coronella Austriaca*), lately presented to the Society by Mr. Fenton, of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, having been taken by him near that place in Hampshire. It is of great interest to naturalists, because until quite recently it was always supposed that but two species of ophidian reptiles were found in Great Britain—namely, the common water-snake (*Trepidonotus natrix*) and the viper (*Pelias berus*). In 1859, the Hon. Arthur Russell, M.P., first procured a specimen of the smooth, or Austrian snake, near Bournemouth, in Hampshire, and presented it to the British Museum. Shortly afterwards the same institution received another specimen of this reptile, which had been procured by Mr. Bond, near Ringwood, in the same county, in the year 1854, but had been until then passed over as a variety of the common *Trepidonotus natrix*. The smooth snake, however, really more nearly resembles a pale specimen of the adder in general appearance, though differing greatly in structure when closely studied, and belonging strictly to the colubrine, or harmless snake. It would be desirable to ascertain whether the snake is not really much more common in this country than has been hitherto supposed.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting on the 1st instant, John Lubbock, Esq., V.P., in the chair, Mr. Bond exhibited *Sphinx Nerii*, recently captured at Hastings, and a new British Tortrix belonging to the genus *Spilonota*, of which a description was read under the name of *S. Doubledaiiana*. Mr. Stainton exhibited a living specimen of *Zelleria hepariella*, calling attention to its attitude when in repose, showing its affinity to the genus *Axyresthia*. Sir John Hearsey exhibited various insects from China and India; Mr. Lubbock a Hymenopterous insect, *Polynema fuscipes*, living in the water, and swimming by means of its wings; its motion did not appear to be assisted by the legs, but was due entirely to the sharp jerking action of the wings; it was able to remain three or four hours under the water without coming to the surface to breathe; there was nothing in the general appearance of the insect to suggest an aquatic habit, and other species of *Polynema* (and indeed *P. fuscipes* itself), were known to be terrestrial in their habits. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited eight species of *Homalota*, most of them probably new to this country; and the Rev. H. Clark exhibited several new water-beetles of the genus *Hydroporus*. Dr. Schaum, of Berlin, communicated a description of and remarks on *Scaritarchus Midas*, a new genus and species of the Coleopterous group Scaritidae, collected by the late M. Monhot in Cochinchina.

LIVE FROGS IN COAL.—Fabulous statements have often been made respecting the discovery of living frogs in solid masses of stone or coal, and although such stories have been listened to with more or less distrust, the idea has been frequently entertained that such an occurrence might be possible, and Dr. Buckland and other naturalists of high standing have undertaken many experiments to prove whether frogs could or could not live for any length of time deprived of air. The result of these, as was to be expected, was, that although the reptiles existed for some time inclosed in bottles or casings of plaster of Paris, their powers were soon exhausted and death took place. Now in no case of these experiments has a frog, even when furnished with a small supply of air, lived for the period of the

ordinary life of a man. How much more extraordinary then does it appear that a frog should live for thousands of ages, for by such periods must geological time be reckoned, if a frog had been really inclosed in a solid bed of coal! The truth is such an occurrence is impossible, and like other untruths, it carries its own conviction,—the frog itself shows the falseness of the statement. It is well known that the animals of past geological ages were very unlike the animals of the present time, and the frogs or batrachians of the coal period were very unlike the frogs of the present day. They were all of the same type of construction as the great labyrinthodon which our readers have seen amongst Mr. Hawkins's models at the Crystal Palace, and if frogs had actually been entombed in coal-beds, they would of course possess labyrinthodont characters. What a disgrace, then, to the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, that they have permitted, and still permit, so monstrous an exhibition as a common frog in a glass bottle, inserted in a hole cut in a specimen of a coal-seam, and what a low opinion must those who are competent to judge of this barefaced fiction form of the author of such an imposition!

THE ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—When the House of Commons, in May last, refused to vote money for the transference of the Natural History Collections to South Kensington, the *Times* in its leading article urged that if the keeper of the collections would describe exactly the kind of building required, "the House for very shame could not give a well-digested scheme so rude a reception."

In the book which Professor Owen has published "On the Extent and Aims of a National Museum of Natural History," he justly remarks that the true purpose of a national collection should be to set forth the extent and variety of the creative power. In private cabinets selections of objects must be made, for no one in his residence could find room for stuffed whales and elephants, or even the less gigantic sharks, crocodiles, or boas. Yet no one would deny but that the preservation of such objects is not only desirable, but absolutely an essential element of a national museum. The public sees in the British Museum only the smallest indications of the Osteological, the Entomological, or the Botanical collections, and nothing whatever of the Numismatic, the great mass of the former and the whole of the latter being kept in the vaults or in the side rooms occupied by the officers of those various departments. If it be worth while to keep these collections, and to pay gentlemen to take care of them, and to spend money in purchasing additions to them, it is certainly worth while to find space to exhibit them. The statistics given by the professor are of great interest and value, not only as bearing on the question of space required in new galleries, but also as to the extent of the recent progress of natural history and its future advance. The question of more space is therefore one which must be again and again urged on public attention, until some suitable, not temporary, provision is made; and the more the public become acquainted with the exact condition of the Museum collections, the more they will see the urgent necessity of some immediate and proper provision. In 1855, the number of known species of mammalia was estimated at 2,000; at the present time 3,500 are known. In the British Museum there are about 3,000 specimens, representing 2,000 species. In 1847, the British Museum possessed 1,766 osteological specimens, appertaining to 742 species of mammals. It now has upwards of 4,000 specimens. Of birds in the present crowded galleries, about 2,500 are shown; but the Museum possesses the skins of 4,200 species, the number now known being over 8,000. Of reptiles, upwards of 2,000 species are known, some of the crocodiles attaining to 20 or 25 feet, and some of the pythons and other snakes being of equal length. And yet only one small room is devoted in the Museum to this class. Of fishes upwards of 8,000 species are known. In the Museum there are specimens of 4,000 species, but only 1,500 specimens, representing 1,000 species, are exhibited in cabinets where they can be seen. Of the invertebrata, 10,000 species are displayed: the well-known private collection of Mr. Cuming contains 16,000 species. Of insects, 150,000 species are now known, and a few cabinets only are seen in the Museum by the public. Of the Radiata, some few star-fishes and echinoderms are exhibited, but the medusæ, and other soft-bodied species of this class, are consigned to the side rooms or the vaults. In 1860 the Museum possessed 120,000 specimens of fossils; at the present time it has 153,000; the number exhibited to the public being under 50,000. The figures here shown prove that if the British Museum be a useful institution, it is not half as useful as it might be.

VENTILATION OF THE "MONITOR."—It having been stated that the crew of the *Monitor* were very near being suffocated in her passage from New York to Fortress Monroe, the following explanation has been given of the affair. The mechanism for ventilating the vessel was a blower, driven by steam, drawing the air in at two chimneys provided for the purpose; but the belt of the blower becoming wet by the spray, slipped off the drum, and the current of air ceasing, the hold was soon filled with carbonic oxide from the furnaces, and the crew were consequently obliged to seek refuge in the turret for the preservation of their lives. Subsequent information shows, however, that the obnoxious influences of the carbonic oxide and the foulness of the air from the sailors' cabins is painfully felt by the gunners in the turret during action.

THE AUGUST METEORS.—M. Couvlier-Gravier lately communicated to the French Academy the results of his observations on the "shooting stars" of the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August. Although from the night of the 11th being constantly clouded observation was obstructed, he finds by tracing the curve of the days preceding and of those which followed, that the maximum was then really attained, and was perfectly evident.

FRENCH SHIELD-GUNS.—The great Seyne Factory, of Toulon, has delivered to the French Government the first of eight iron gun-shields which have been ordered for service in Cochinchina. These small steamers, constructed on the most approved models, are formed of moveable pieces, and can be put together in about thirty hours. Their machines are of twenty-four horse-power, and they are armed with a bronze 12-pounder rifled cannon.

AMERICAN IRON-CLAD VESSELS.—It is stated that Captain Ericsson has contracted for two large iron-plated ships on the general plan of the *Monitor*, respectively 320 and 341 feet long, with 50 feet beam—and protected with 10½-inch plating. The turrets are to be 2 feet in thickness, and it is expected will withstand completely the full force of the 425-pounders at their maximum charge. The engines are to have cylinders of 100 inches diameter, to make seventy revolutions per minute, and the contractor guarantees a speed of sixteen knots, or nineteen miles, per hour. The armament is to be of 15-inch guns, and the vessels are to be furnished with ram-bows composed of iron plates 21 inches thick at the base, and terminating in a sharp edge.

WARM-BLOODED VERTEBRATA.—A course of lectures on the "Warm-blooded Vertebrata" (Mammalia and Aves) will be delivered during the winter session at the London Institution, by the newly-appointed lecturer on zoology, Mr. C. Carter Blake.